CONRAD - THE IDIOTS p11

THE SAVOY

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

No. 6 October 1896 Price 2/-

EDITED BY ARTHUR SYMONS

THE SAVOY

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

No. 6 October 1896 Price 2/-

EDITED BY ARTHUR SYMONS

THE SAVOY—No VI

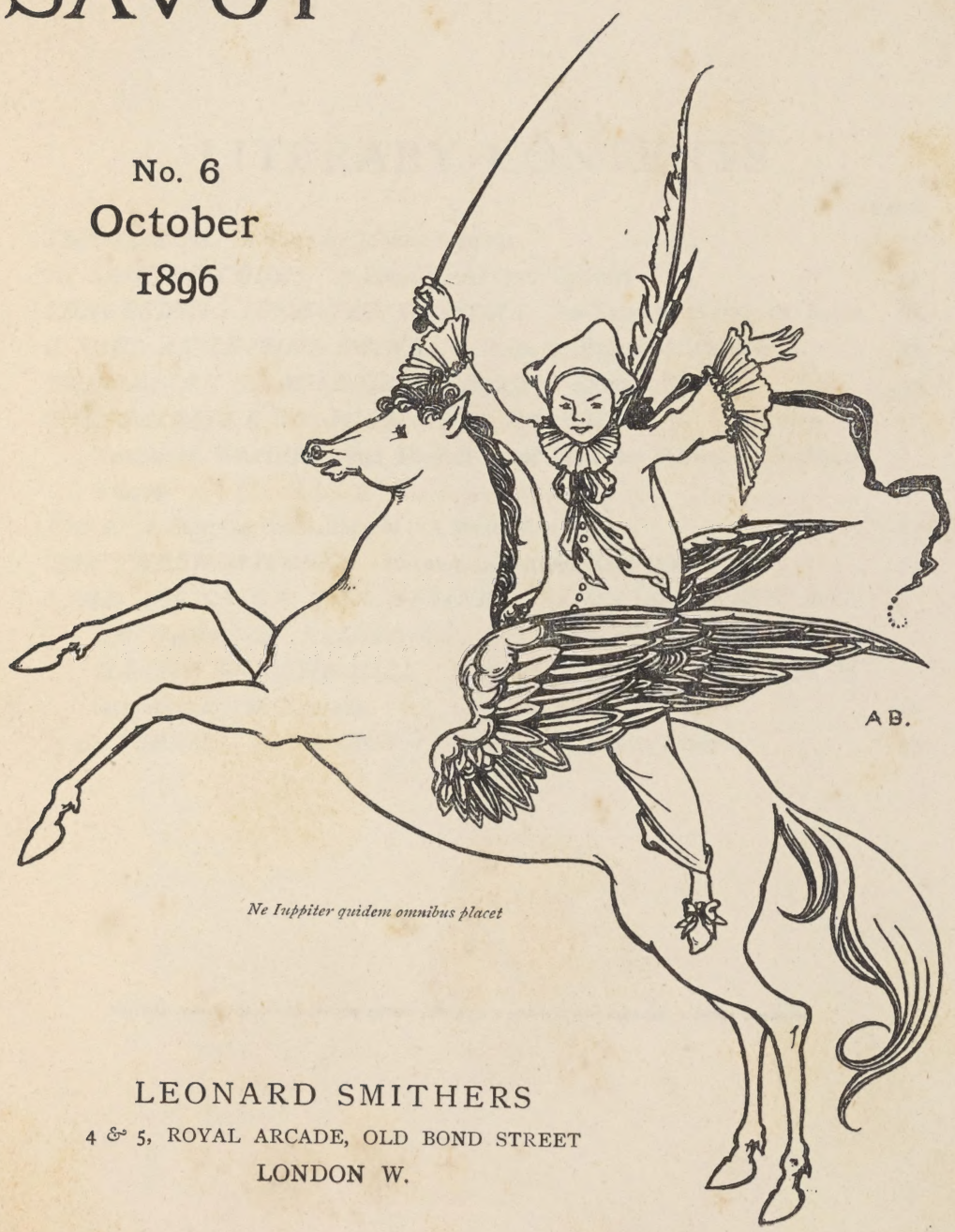
All communications should be directed to THE EDITOR OF THE SAVOY, 4 & 5, *Royal Arcade, Old Bond Street, London, W.*

MSS. should be type-written, and stamps enclosed for their return.

THE SAVOY

EDITED BY ARTHUR SYMONS

No. 6
October
1896



Ne Iuppiter quidem omnibus placet

LEONARD SMITHERS
4 & 5, ROYAL ARCADE, OLD BOND STREET
LONDON W.

CHISWICK PRESS:—CHARLES WHITTINGHAM AND CO., TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON.

LITERARY CONTENTS

PAGE

THE IDIOTS. A Story by JOSEPH CONRAD 11

IN SAINT JACQUES. A Poem by ARTHUR SYMONS 31

CONCERNING JUDE THE OBSCURE. An Essay by HAVELOCK ELLIS 35

A SOUL AT LETHE'S BRINK. A Poem by EDITH M. THOMAS. . . 55

THE LESSON OF MILLAIS. An Article by ARTHUR SYMONS . . 57

THE EPITAPHE IN FORM OF A BALLADE. A Translation by THEODORE WRATISLAW into English Verse from the French of FRANÇOIS VILLON 61

ELSA. A Story by the Author of "A Mere Man" 63

THE THREE WITCHES. A Poem by ERNEST DOWSON 75

SOME NOTES ON THE STAINED GLASS WINDOWS AND DECORATIVE PAINTINGS OF THE CHURCH OF ST. MARTIN'S-ON-THE-HILL, SCARBOROUGH. An Article by OLIVER GEORGES DESTRÉE 76

A CAUSERIE:—From a Castle in Ireland. By ARTHUR SYMONS . . 93

ART CONTENTS

PAGE

COVER . . } Designed by AUBREY BEARDSLEY { 1
TITLE PAGE } { 5

HOLIDAY JOYS. From a Water-Colour Drawing by PHIL MAY . . . 9

THE DEATH OF PIERROT. A Pen-and-Ink Sketch by AUBREY BEARDSLEY 33

TWO EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY BOOK-PLATES.

I.—*The Book-plate of The Bastille* 51

II.—*The Book-plate of Marie Antoinette.* By CH. EISEN 53

BALLADE DES PENDUS. A Pen-and-Ink Sketch by WILLIAM F. HORTON 60

THE ANNUNCIATION. After Paintings by D. G. ROSSETTI . . . { 77 / 81

A WOMAN'S HEAD. A Pen-and-Ink Sketch by W. B. MACDOUGALL . 91

The Whole of the Reproductions in this Number, in line and half-tone blocks, are by MR. PAUL NAUMANN.

Phil May
1883

THE IDIOTS

WE were driving along the road from Treguier to Kervanda. We passed at a smart trot between the hedges topping an earth wall on each side of the road; then at the foot of the steep ascent before Ploumar the horse dropped into a walk, and the driver jumped down heavily from the box. He flicked his whip and climbed the incline, stepping clumsily uphill by the side of the carriage, one hand on the footboard, his eyes on the ground. After a while he lifted his head, pointed up the road with the end of the whip, and said—

"The idiot!"

The sun was shining violently upon the undulating surface of the land. The rises were topped by clumps of meagre trees, with their branches showing high on the sky as if they had been perched upon stilts. The small fields, cut up by hedges and stone walls that zigzagged over the slopes, lay in rectangular patches of vivid greens and yellows, resembling the unskilful daubs of a naïve picture. And the landscape was divided in two by the white streak of a road stretching in long loops far away, like a river of dust crawling out of the hills on its way to the sea.

"Here he is," said the driver, again.

In the long grass bordering the road a face glided past the carriage at the level of the wheels as we drove slowly by. The imbecile face was red, and the bullet head with close-cropped hair seemed to lie alone, its chin in the dust. The body was lost in the bushes growing thick along the bottom of the deep ditch.

It was a boy's face. He might have been sixteen, judging from the size—perhaps less, perhaps more. Such creatures are forgotten by time, and live untouched by years till death gathers them up into its compassionate bosom: the faithful death that never forgets in the press of work the most insignificant of its children.

"Ah! There's another," said the man, with a certain satisfaction in his tone, as if he had caught sight of something expected.

There was another. That one stood nearly in the middle of the road in the blaze of sunshine at the end of his own short shadow. And he stood with hands pushed into the opposite sleeves of his long coat, his head sunk between the shoulders, all hunched up in the flood of heat. From a distance he had the aspect of one suffering from intense cold.

"Those are twins," explained the driver.

The idiot shuffled two paces out of the way and looked at us over his shoulder when we brushed past him. The glance was unseeing and staring, a fascinated glance; but he did not turn to look after us. Probably the image passed before the eyes without leaving any trace on the misshapen brain of the creature. When we had topped the ascent I looked over the hood. He stood in the road just where we had left him.

The driver clambered into his seat, clicked his tongue, and we went down hill. The brake squeaked horribly from time to time. At the foot he eased off the noisy mechanism and said, turning half round on his box:

"We shall see some more of them by-and-by."

"More idiots? How many of them are there, then?" I asked.

"There 's four of them—children of a farmer near Ploumar here. . . . The parents are dead now," he added, after a while. "The grandmother lives on the farm. In the daytime they knock about on this road, and they come home at dusk along with the cattle. . . . It's a good farm."

We saw the other two: a boy and a girl, as the driver said. They were dressed exactly alike, in shapeless garments with petticoat-like skirts. The imperfect thing that lived within them moved those beings to howl at us from the top of the bank, where they sprawled amongst the tough stalks of furze. Their cropped black heads stuck out from the bright yellow wall of countless small blossoms. The faces were purple with the strain of yelling; the voices sounded blank and cracked like a mechanical imitation of old people's voices; and suddenly ceased when we turned into a lane.

I saw them many times in my wanderings about the country. They lived on that road, drifting along its length here and there, according to the inexplicable impulses of their monstrous darkness. They were an offence to the sunshine, a reproach to empty heaven, a blight on the concentrated and purposeful vigour of the wild landscape. In time the story of their parents shaped itself before me out of the listless answers to my questions, out of the indifferent words heard in wayside inns or on the very road those idiots haunted. Some of it was told by an emaciated and sceptical old fellow with a tremendous whip, while we trudged together over the sands by the side of a two-wheeled cart

loaded with dripping seaweed. Then at other times other people confirmed and completed the story : till it stood at last before me, a tale formidable and simple, as they always are, those disclosures of obscure trials endured by ignorant hearts.

When he returned from his military service Jean Pierre Bacadou found the old people very much aged. He remarked with pain that the work of the farm was not satisfactorily done. The father had not the energy of old days. The hands did not feel over them the eye of the master. Jean-Pierre noted with sorrow that the heap of manure in the courtyard before the only entrance to the house was not so large as it should have been. The fences were out of repair, and the cattle suffered from neglect. At home the mother was practically bedridden, and the girls chattered loudly in the big kitchen, unrebuked, from morning to night. He said to himself: "We must change all this." He talked the matter over with his father one evening when the rays of the setting sun entering the yard between the outhouses ruled the heavy shadows with luminous streaks. Over the manure heap floated a mist, opal-tinted and odorous, and the marauding hens would stop in their scratching to examine with a sudden glance of their round eye the two men, both lean and tall, talking together in hoarse tones. The old man, all twisted with rheumatism and bowed with years of work, the younger bony and straight, spoke without gestures in the indifferent manner of peasants, grave and slow. But before the sun had set the father had submitted to the sensible arguments of the son. "It is not for me that I am speaking," insisted Jean-Pierre. "It is for the land. It's a pity to see it badly used. I am not impatient for myself." The old fellow nodded over his stick. "I dare say ; I dare say," he muttered. "You may be right. Do what you like. It's the mother that will be pleased."

The mother was pleased with her daughter-in-law. Jean-Pierre brought the two-wheeled spring-cart with a rush into the yard. The grey horse galloped clumsily, and the bride and bridegroom, sitting side by side, were jerked backwards and forwards by the up and down motion of the shafts, in a manner regular and brusque. On the road the distanced wedding guests straggled in pairs and groups. The men advanced with heavy steps, swinging their idle arms. They were clad in town clothes : jackets cut with clumsy smartness, hard black hats, immense boots, polished highly. Their women all in simple black, with white caps and shawls of faded tints folded triangularly on the back, strolled lightly by their side. In front the violin sang a strident tune, and the biniou snored and hummed, while the player capered solemnly, lifting high his heavy clogs. The sombre procession drifted in and out of the

narrow lanes, through sunshine and through shade, between fields and hedgerows, scaring the little birds that darted away in troops right and left. In the yard of Bacadou's farm the dark ribbon wound itself up into a mass of men and women pushing at the door with cries and greetings. The wedding dinner was remembered for months. It was a splendid feast in the orchard. Farmers of considerable means and excellent repute were to be found sleeping in ditches, all along the road to Treguier, even as late as the afternoon of the next day. All the countryside participated in the happiness of Jean-Pierre. He remained sober, and, together with his quiet wife, kept out of the way, letting father and mother reap their due of honour and thanks. But the next day he took hold strongly, and the old folks felt a shadow—precursor of the grave—fall upon them finally. The world is to the young.

When the twins were born there was plenty of room in the house, for the mother of Jean-Pierre had gone away to dwell under a heavy stone in the cemetery of Ploumar. On that day, for the first time since his son's marriage, the elder Bacadou, neglected by the cackling lot of strange women who thronged the kitchen, left in the morning his seat under the mantel of the fireplace, and went into the empty cow-house, shaking his white locks dismally. Grandsons were all very well, but he wanted his soup at midday. When shown the babies, he stared at them with a fixed gaze, and muttered something like: "It's too much." Whether he meant too much happiness, or simply commented upon the number of his descendants, it is impossible to say. He looked offended—as far as his old wooden face could express anything; and for days afterwards could be seen, almost any time of the day, sitting at the gate, with his nose over his knees, a pipe between his gums, and gathered up into a kind of raging concentrated sulkiness. Once he spoke to his son, alluding to the newcomers with a groan: "They will quarrel over the land." "Don't bother about that, father," answered Jean-Pierre, stolidly, and passed, bent double, towing a recalcitrant cow over his shoulder.

He was happy, and so was Susan, his wife. It was not an ethereal joy welcoming new souls to struggle, perchance to victory. In fourteen years both boys would be a help; and, later on, Jean-Pierre pictured two big sons striding over the land from patch to patch, wringing tribute from the earth beloved and fruitful. Susan was happy too, for she did not want to be spoken of as the unfortunate woman, and now she had children no one could call her that. Both herself and her husband had seen something of the larger world—he during the time of his service; while she had spent a year or so in Paris with a Breton family; but had been too home-sick to remain longer away

from the hilly and green country, set in a barren circle of rocks and sands, where she had been born. She thought that one of the boys ought perhaps to be a priest, but said nothing to her husband, who was a republican, and hated the "crows," as he called the ministers of religion. The christening was a splendid affair. All the commune came to it, for the Bacadous were rich and influential, and, now and then, did not mind the expense. The grandfather had a new coat.

Some months afterwards, one evening when the kitchen had been swept, and the door locked, Jean-Pierre, looking at the cot, asked his wife: "What's the matter with those children?" And, as if these words, spoken calmly, had been the portent of misfortune, she answered with a loud wail that must have been heard across the yard in the pig-sty; for the pigs (the Bacadous had the finest pigs in the country), stirred and grunted complainingly in the night. The husband went on grinding his bread and butter slowly, gazing at the wall, the soup-plate smoking under his chin. He had returned late from the market, where he had overheard (not for the first time) whispers behind his back. He revolved the words in his mind as he drove back. "Simple! Both of them. . . . Never any use! . . . Well! May be, may be. One must see. Would ask his wife." This was her answer. He felt like a blow on his chest, but said only: "Go, draw me some cider. I am thirsty!"

She went out moaning, an empty jug in her hand. Then he rose, took up the light, and moved slowly towards the cradle. They slept. He looked at them sideways, finished his mouthful there, went back heavily, and sat down before his plate. When his wife returned he never looked up, but swallowed a couple of spoonfuls noisily, and remarked, in a dull manner:

"When they sleep they are like other people's children."

She sat down suddenly on a stool near by, and shook with a silent tempest of sobs, unable to speak. He finished his meal, and remained idly thrown back in his chair, his eyes lost amongst the black rafters of the ceiling. Before him the tallow candle flared red and straight, sending up a slender thread of smoke. The light lay on the rough, sunburnt skin of his throat; the sunk cheeks were like patches of darkness, and his aspect was mournfully stolid, as if he had ruminated with difficulty endless ideas. Then he said, deliberately:

"We must see . . . consult people. Don't cry. . . . They won't be all like that . . . surely! We must sleep now."

After the third child, also a boy, was born, Jean-Pierre went about his work with tense hopefulness. His lips seemed more narrow, more tightly compressed than before; as if for fear of letting the earth he tilled hear the

voice of hope that murmured within his breast. He watched the child, stepping up to the cot with a heavy clang of sabots on the stone floor, and glanced in, along his shoulder, with that indifference which is like a deformity of peasant humanity. Like the earth they master and serve, those men, slow of eye and speech, do not show the inner fire; so that, at last, it becomes a question with them as with the earth, what there is in the core: heat, violence, a force mysterious and terrible—or nothing but a clod, a mass fertile and inert, cold and unfeeling, ready to bear a crop of plants that sustain life or give death.

The mother watched with other eyes; listened with otherwise expectant ears. Under the high hanging shelves supporting great sides of bacon overhead, her body was busy by the great fireplace, attentive to the pot swinging on iron gallows, scrubbing the long table where the field hands would sit down directly to their evening meal. Her mind remained by the cradle, night and day on the watch, to hope and suffer. That child, like the other two, never smiled, never stretched its hands to her, never spoke; never had a glance of recognition for her in its big black eyes, which could only stare fixedly at any glitter, but failed hopelessly to follow the brilliance of a sun-ray slipping slowly along the floor. When the men were at work she spent long days between her three idiot children and the childish grandfather, who sat grim, angular, and immovable, with his feet near the warm ashes of the fire. The feeble old fellow seemed to suspect that there was something wrong with his grandsons. Only once, moved either by affection or by the sense of proprieties, he attempted to nurse the youngest. He took the boy up from the floor, clicked his tongue at him, and essayed a shaky gallop of his bony knees. Then he looked closely with his misty eyes at the child's face and deposited him down gently on the floor again. And he sat, his lean shanks crossed, nodding at the steam escaping from the cooking-pot with a gaze senile and worried.

Then mute affliction dwelt in Bacadou's farmhouse, sharing the breath and the bread of its inhabitants; and the priest of the Ploumar parish had great cause for congratulation. He called upon the rich landowner, the Marquis de Chavanes, on purpose to deliver himself with joyful unction of solemn platitudes about the inscrutable ways of Providence. In the vast dimness of the curtained drawing-room, the little man, resembling a black bolster, leaned towards a couch, his hat on his knees, and gesticulated with a fat hand at the elongated, gracefully-flowing lines of the clear Parisian toilette from within which the half-amused, half-bored marquise listened with gracious languor. He was exulting and humble, proud and awed. The impossible had come to pass. Jean-Pierre Bacadou, the enraged republican farmer, had been to mass

last Sunday—had proposed to entertain the visiting priests at the next festival of Ploumar! It was a triumph for the Church and for the good cause. "I thought I would come at once to tell Monsieur le Marquis. I know how anxious he is for the welfare of our country," declared the priest, wiping his face. He was asked to stay to dinner.

The Chavanes returning that evening, after seeing their guest to the main gate of the park, discussed the matter while they strolled in the moonlight, trailing their elongated shadows up the straight avenue of chestnuts. The marquis, a royalist of course, had been mayor of the commune that includes Ploumar, the scattered hamlets of the coast, and the stony islands that fringe the yellow flatness of the sands. He had felt his position insecure, for there was a strong republican element in that part of the country; but now the conversion of Jean-Pierre made him safe. He was very pleased. "You have no idea how influential those people are," he explained to his wife. "Now, I am sure, the next communal election will go all right. I shall be re-elected." "Your ambition is perfectly insatiable, Charles," exclaimed the marquise, gaily. "But, ma chère amie," argued the husband, seriously, "it 's most important that the right man should be mayor this year, because of the elections to the Chamber. If you think it amuses me . . . ."

Jean-Pierre had surrendered to his wife's mother. Madame Levaille was a woman of business known and respected within a radius of at least fifteen miles. Thickset and stout, she was seen about the country, on foot or in an acquaintance's cart, perpetually moving, in spite of her fifty-eight years, in steady pursuit of business. She had houses in all the hamlets, she worked quarries of granite, she freighted coasters with stone—even traded with the Channel Islands. She was broad-cheeked, wide-eyed, persuasive in speech: carrying her point with the placid and invincible obstinacy of an old woman who knows her own mind. She very seldom slept for two nights together in the same house; and the wayside inns were the best places to inquire in as to her whereabouts. She had either passed, or was expected to pass there at six; or somebody, coming in, had seen her in the morning, or expected to meet her that evening. After the inns that command the roads, the churches were the buildings she frequented most. Men of liberal opinions would induce small children to run into sacred edifices to see whether Madame Levaille was there, and to tell her that so-and-so was in the road waiting to speak to her—about potatoes, or flour, or stones, or houses; and she would curtail her devotions, come out blinking and crossing herself into the sunshine; ready to discuss business matters in a calm sensible way across a table in the kitchen of the

inn opposite. Latterly she had stayed for a few days several times with her son-in-law; arguing against sorrow and misfortune with composed face and gentle tones. Jean-Pierre felt the convictions imbibed in the regiment torn out of his breast—not by arguments, but by facts. Striding over his fields he thought it over. There were three of them. Three! All alike! Why? Such things did not happen to everybody—to nobody he ever heard of. One yet—it might pass. But three! All three. For ever useless, to be fed while he lived and . . . . What would become of the land when he died? This must be seen to. He would sacrifice his convictions. One day he told his wife:

"See what your God will do for us. Pay for some masses."

Susan embraced her man. He stood unbending, then turned on his heels and went out. But afterwards when a black *soutane* darkened his doorway he did not object; even offered some cider himself to the priest. He listened to the talk meekly; went to mass between the two women; accomplished what the priest called "his religious duties" at Easter. That morning he felt like a man who had sold his soul. In the afternoon he fought ferociously with an old friend and neighbour who had remarked that the priests had the best of it and were going now to eat the priest-eater. He came home dishevelled and bleeding, and happening to catch sight of his children (they were kept generally out of the way), cursed and swore incoherently, banging the table. Susan wept. Madame Levaille sat serenely unmoved. She assured her daughter that "It will pass;" and taking up her thick umbrella, departed in haste to see after a schooner she was going to load with granite from her quarry.

A year or so afterwards the girl was born. A girl! Jean-Pierre heard of it in the fields, and was so upset by the news that he sat down on the boundary wall and remained there till the evening, instead of going home as he was urged to do. A girl! He felt half cheated. However, when he got home he was partly reconciled to his fate. One could marry her to a good fellow—not a good for nothing, but to a fellow with some understanding and a good pair of arms. Besides, the next may be a boy, he thought. Of course they would be all right. His new credulity knew of no doubt. The ill luck was broken. He spoke cheerily to his wife. She was also hopeful. Three priests came to that christening, and Madame Levaille was godmother. The child turned out an idiot too.

Then on market days Jean-Pierre was seen bargaining bitterly, quarrelsome and greedy; then getting drunk with taciturn earnestness; then driving

home in the dusk at a rate fit for a wedding, but with a face gloomy enough for a funeral. Sometimes he would insist for his wife to come with him; and they would drive in the early morning, shaking side by side on the narrow seat above the helpless pig, that, with tied legs, grunted a melancholy sigh at every rut. The morning drives were silent; but in the evening, coming home, Jean-Pierre, tipsy, was viciously muttering, and growled at the confounded woman who could not rear children that were like anybody else's. Susan, holding on against the erratic swayings of the cart, pretended not to hear. Once, as they were driving through Ploumar, some obscure and drunken impulse caused him to pull up sharply opposite the church. The moon swam amongst light white clouds. The tombstones gleamed pale under the fretted shadows of the trees in the churchyard. Even the village dogs slept. Only the nightingales, awake, spun out the thrill of their song above the silence of graves. Jean-Pierre said thickly to his wife:

"What do you think is there?"

He pointed his whip at the tower—in which the big dial of the clock appeared high in the moonlight like a pallid face without eyes—and getting out carefully, fell down at once by the wheel. He picked himself up and climbed one by one the few steps to the iron gate of the churchyard. He put his face to the bars and called out indistinctly:

"Hey there! Come out!"

"Jean! Return! Return!" entreated his wife in low tones.

He took no notice, and seemed to wait there. The song of nightingales beat on all sides against the high walls of the church, and flowed back between stone crosses and flat grey slabs, engraved with words of hope and sorrow.

"Hey! Come out!" shouted Jean-Pierre loudly.

The nightingales ceased to sing.

"Nobody?" went on Jean-Pierre. "Nobody there. A swindle of the crows. That's what this is. Nobody anywhere. I despise it. Allez! Houp!"

He shook the gate with all his strength, and the iron bars rattled with a frightful clanging, like a chain dragged over stone steps. A dog near-by barked hurriedly. Jean-Pierre staggered back, and after three successive dashes got into his cart. Susan sat very quiet and still. He said to her with drunken severity:

"See? Nobody. I've been made a fool! Malheur! Somebody will pay for it. The next one I see near the house I will lay my whip on . . . on the

black spine . . . I will. I don't want him in there . . . he only helps the carrion crows to rob poor folk. I am a man. . . . We will see if I can't have children like anybody else . . . now you mind. . . . They won't be all . . . all . . . we see. . . ."

She burst out through the fingers that hid her face:

"Don't say that, Jean; don't say that, my man!"

He struck her a swinging blow on the head with the back of his hand and knocked her into the bottom of the cart, where she crouched, thrown about lamentably by every jolt. He drove furiously, standing up, brandishing his whip, shaking the reins over the grey horse that gallopped ponderously, making the heavy harness leap upon his broad quarters. The country rang clamorous in the night with the irritated barking of farm dogs, that followed the rattle of wheels all along the road. A couple of belated wayfarers had only just time to step into the ditch. At his own gate he caught the post and was shot out of the cart head first. The horse went on slowly to the door. At Susan's piercing cries the farm hands rushed out. She thought him dead, but he was only sleeping where he fell, and cursed his men who hastened to him for disturbing his slumbers.

Autumn came. The clouded sky descended low upon the black contours of the hills; and the dead leaves danced in spiral whirls under naked trees till the wind, sighing profoundly, laid them to rest in the hollows of bare valleys. And from morning till night one could see all over the land black denuded boughs, the boughs gnarled and twisted, as if contorted with pain, swaying sadly between the wet clouds and the soaked earth. The clear and gentle streams of summer days rushed discoloured and raging at the stones that barred the way to the sea, with the fury of madness bent upon suicide. From horizon to horizon the great road to the sands lay between the hills in a dull glitter of empty curves, resembling an unnavigable river of mud.

Jean-Pierre went from field to field, moving blurred and tall in the drizzle, or striding on the crests of rises, lonely and high upon the grey curtain of drifting clouds, as if he had been pacing along the very edge of the universe. He looked at the black earth, at the earth mute and promising, at the mysterious earth doing its work of life in death-like stillness under the veiled sorrow of the sky. And it seemed to him that to a man worse than childless there was no promise in the fertility of fields, that from him the earth escaped, defied him, frowned at him like the clouds, sombre and hurried above his head. Having to face alone his own fields, he felt the inferiority of man who passes away before the clod that remains. Must he give up the hope of having by

his side a son who would look at the turned-up sods with a master's eye? A man that would think as he thought, that would feel as he felt; a man who would be part of himself, and yet remain to trample masterfully on that earth when he was gone! He thought of some distant relations, and felt savage enough to curse them aloud. They! Never! He turned homewards, going straight at the roof of his dwelling visible between the enlaced skeletons of trees. As he swung his legs over the stile a cawing flock of birds settled slowly on the field; dropped down, behind his back, noiseless and fluttering, like flakes of soot.

That day Madame Levaille had gone early in the afternoon to the house she had near Kervanion. She had to pay some of the men who worked in her granite quarry there, and she went in good time because her little house contained a shop where the workmen could spend their wages without the trouble of going to town. The house stood alone amongst rocks. A lane of mud and stones ended at the door. The sea-winds coming ashore on Stonecutter's point, fresh from the fierce turmoil of the waves, howled violently at the unmoved heaps of black boulders holding up steadily short-armed, high crosses against the tremendous rush of the invisible. In the sweep of gales the sheltered dwelling stood in a calm resonant and disquieting, like the calm in the centre of a hurricane. On stormy nights, when the tide was out, the bay of Fougère, fifty feet below the house, resembled an immense black pit, from which ascended mutterings and sighs as if the sands down there had been alive and complaining. At high tide the returning water assaulted the ledges of rock in short rushes, ending in bursts of livid light and columns of spray, that flew inland, stinging to death the grass of pastures.

The darkness came from the hills, flowed over the coast, put out the red fires of sunset, and went on to seaward pursuing the retiring tide. The wind dropped with the sun, leaving a maddened sea and a devastated sky. The heavens above the house seemed to be draped in black rags, held up here and there by pins of fire. Madame Levaille, for this evening the servant of her own workmen, tried to induce them to depart. "An old woman like me ought to be in bed at this late hour," she good-humouredly repeated. The quarrymen drank, asked for more. They shouted over the table as if they had been talking across a field. At one end four of them played cards, banging the wood with their hard knuckles, and swearing at every lead. One sat with a lost gaze, humming a bar of some song, which he repeated endlessly. Two others, in a corner, were quarrelling confidentially and fiercely over some woman, looking close into one another's eyes as if they had wanted to tear

them out, but speaking in whispers that promised violence and murder discreetly, in a venomous sibillation of subdued words. The atmosphere in there was thick enough to slice with a knife. Three candles burning about the long room glowed red and dull like sparks expiring in ashes.

The slight click of the iron latch was at that late hour as unexpected and startling as a thunder-clap. Madame Levaille put down a bottle she held above a liqueur glass ; the players turned their heads ; the whispered quarrel ceased ; only the singer, after darting a glance at the door, went on humming with a stolid face. Susan appeared in the doorway, stepped in, flung the door to, and put her back against it, saying, half aloud :

" Mother ! "

Madame Levaille, taking up the bottle again, said calmly : " Here you are, my girl. What a state you are in ! " The neck of the bottle rang on the rim of the glass, for the old woman was startled, and the idea that the farm had caught fire had entered her head. She could think of no other cause for her daughter's appearance.

Susan, soaked and muddy, stared the whole length of the room towards the men at the far end. Her mother asked :

" What has happened ? God guard us from misfortune ! "

Susan moved her lips. No sound came. Madame Levaille stepped up to her daughter, took her by the arm, looked into her face.

" In God's name," she said shakily, " what's the matter ? You have been rolling in mud. . . . Why did you come ? . . . Where's Jean ? "

The men had all got up and approached slowly, staring with dull surprise. Madame Levaille jerked her daughter away from the door, swung her round upon a seat close to the wall. Then she turned fiercely to the men :

" Enough of this ! Out you go—you others ! I close."

One of them observed, looking down at Susan collapsed on the seat : " She is—one may say—half dead."

Madame Levaille flung the door open.

" Get out ! March ! " she cried, shaking nervously.

They dropped out into the night, laughing stupidly. Outside, the two Lotharios broke out into loud shouts. The others tried to soothe them, all talking at once. The noise went away up the lane with the men, who staggered together in a tight knot, remonstrating with one another foolishly.

" Speak, Susan. What is it ? Speak ! " entreated Madame Levaille, as soon as the door was shut.

Susan pronounced some incomprehensible words, glaring at the table.

The old woman clapped her hands above her head, let them drop, and stood looking at her daughter with disconsolate eyes. Her husband had been "deranged in his head" for a few years before he died, and now she began to suspect her daughter was going mad. She asked, pressingly:

"Does Jean know where you are? Where is Jean?"

Susan pronounced with difficulty:

"He knows . . . he is dead."

"What!" cried the old woman. She came up near, and peering at her daughter, repeated three times: "What do you say? What do you say? What do you say?"

Susan sat dry-eyed and stony before Madame Levaille, who contemplated her, feeling a strange sense of inexplicable horror creep into the silence of the house. She had hardly realized the news, further than to understand that she had been brought in one short moment face to face with something unexpected and final. It did not even occur to her to ask for any explanation. She thought: accident—terrible accident—blood to the head—fell down a trap door in the loft. . . . . She remained there, distracted and mute, blinking her old eyes.

Suddenly, Susan said:

"I have killed him."

For a moment the mother stood still, almost unbreathing, but with composed face. The next second, she burst out into a shout:

"You miserable madwoman . . . they will cut your neck . . . ."

She fancied the gendarmes entering the house, saying to her: "We want your daughter; give her up:" the gendarmes with the severe, hard faces of men on duty. She knew the brigadier well—an old friend, familiar and respectful, saying heartily, "To your good health, madame!" before lifting to his lips the small glass of cognac—out of the special bottle she kept for friends. And now! . . . . She was losing her head. She rushed here and there, as if looking for something urgently needed—gave that up, stood stock still in the middle of the room, and screamed at her daughter:

"Why? Say! Say! Why?"

The other seemed to leap out of her strange apathy.

"Do you think I am made of stone?" she shouted back, striding towards her mother.

"No! It 's impossible. . . . ." said Madame Levaille, in a convinced tone.

"You go and see, mother," retorted Susan, looking at her with blazing

eyes. "There's no mercy in heaven—no justice. No! . . . . I did not know . . . . Do you think I have no heart? Do you think I have never heard people jeering at me, pitying me, wondering at me? Do you know how some of them were calling me? The mother of idiots—that was my nickname! And my children never would know me, never speak to me. They would know nothing; neither men—nor God. Haven't I prayed! But the Mother of God herself would not hear me. A mother! . . . . Who is accursed—I, or the man who is dead? Eh? Tell me. I took care of myself. Do you think I would defy the anger of God and have my house full of those things—that are worse than animals who know the hand that feeds them? Who blasphemed in the night at the very church door? Was it I? . . . . I only wept and prayed for mercy . . . . and I feel the curse at every moment of the day—I see it round me from morning to night . . . I've got to keep them alive—to take care of my misfortune and shame. And he would come. I begged him and Heaven for mercy. . . . No! . . . Then we shall see. . . . He came this evening. I thought to myself: 'Ah! again!' . . . I had my long scissors. I heard him shouting. . . . I saw him near. . . . I must—must I? . . . Then take! . . . And I struck him in the throat above the breast-bone. . . . I never heard him even sigh. . . . I left him standing. . . . It was a minute ago. . . . How did I come here?"

Madame Levaille shivered. A wave of cold ran down her back, down her fat arms under her tight sleeves, made her stamp gently where she stood. Quivers ran over the broad cheeks, across the thin lips, ran amongst the wrinkles at the corners of her steady old eyes. She stammered:

"You wicked woman—you disgrace me. But there! You always resembled your father. What do you think will become of you . . . in the other world? In this . . . Oh misery!"

She was very hot now. She felt burning inside. She wrung her perspiring hands—and suddenly, starting in great haste, began to look for her big shawl and umbrella, feverishly, never once glancing at her daughter, who stood in the middle of the room following her with a gaze distracted and cold.

"Nothing worse than in this," said Susan.

Her mother, umbrella in hand and trailing the shawl over the floor, groaned profoundly.

"I must go to the priest," she burst out passionately. "I do not know whether you even speak the truth! You are a horrible woman. They will find you anywhere. You may stay here—or go. There is no room for you in this world."

Ready now to depart, she yet wandered aimlessly about the room, putting the bottles on the shelf, trying to fit with trembling hands the covers on cardboard boxes. Whenever the real sense of what she had heard emerged for a second from the haze of her thoughts she would fancy that something had exploded in her brain without, unfortunately, bursting her head to pieces—which would have been a relief. She blew the candles out one by one without knowing it, and was horribly startled by the darkness. She fell on a bench and began to whimper. After a while she ceased, and sat listening to the breathing of her daughter, whom she could hardly see, still and upright, giving no other sign of life. She was becoming old rapidly at last, during those minutes. She spoke in tones unsteady, cut about by the rattle of teeth, like one shaken by a deadly cold fit of ague.

"I wish you had died little. I will never dare to show my old head in the sunshine again. There are worse misfortunes than idiot children. I wish you had been born to me simple—like your own. . . ."

She saw the figure of her daughter pass before the faint and livid clearness of a window. Then it appeared in the doorway for a second, and the door swung to with a clang. Madame Levaille, as if awakened by the noise from a long nightmare, rushed out.

"Susan!" she shouted from the doorstep.

She heard a stone roll a long time down the declivity of the rocky beach above the sands. She stepped forward cautiously, one hand on the wall of the house, and peered down into the smooth darkness of the empty bay. Once again she cried:

"Susan! You will kill yourself there."

The stone had taken its last leap in the dark, and she heard nothing now. A sudden thought seemed to strangle her, and she called no more. She turned her back upon the black silence of the pit and went up the lane towards Ploumar, stumbling along with sombre determination, as if she had started on a desperate journey that would last, perhaps, to the end of her life. A sullen and periodic clamour of waves rolling over reefs followed her far inland between the high hedges sheltering the gloomy solitude of the fields.

Susan had run out, swerving sharp to the left at the door, and on the edge of the slope crouched down behind a boulder. A dislodged stone went on downwards, rattling as it leaped. When Madame Levaille called out, Susan could have, by stretching her hand, touched her mother's skirt, had she had the courage to move a limb. She saw the old woman go away, and she remained still, closing her eyes and pressing her side to the hard and rugged

surface of the rock. After a while a familiar face with fixed eyes and an open mouth became visible in the intense obscurity amongst the boulders. She uttered a low cry and stood up. The face vanished, leaving her to gasp and shiver alone in the wilderness of stone heaps. But as soon as she had crouched down again to rest, with her head against the rock, the face returned, came very near, appeared eager to finish the speech that had been cut short by death, only a moment ago. She scrambled quickly to her feet and said : "Go away, or I will do it again." The thing wavered, swung to the right, to the left. She moved this way and that, stepped back, fancied herself screaming at it, and was appalled by the unbroken stillness of the night. She tottered on the brink, felt the steep declivity under her feet, and rushed down blindly to save herself from a headlong fall. The shingle seemed to wake up ; the pebbles began to roll before her, pursued her from above, raced down with her on both sides, rolling past with an increasing clatter. In the peace of the night the noise grew, deepening to a rumour, continuous and violent, as if the whole semicircle of the stony beach had started to tumble down into the bay. Susan's feet hardly touched the slope that seemed to run down with her. At the bottom she stumbled, shot forward, throwing her arms out, and fell heavily. She jumped up at once and turned swiftly to look back, her clenched hands full of sand she had clutched in her fall. The face was there, keeping its distance, visible in its own sheen that made a pale stain in the night. She shouted, "Go away "—she shouted at it with pain, with fear, with all the rage of that useless stab that could not keep him quiet, keep him out of her sight. What did he want now? He was dead. Dead men have no children. Would he never leave her alone? She shrieked at it—waved her outstretched hands. She seemed to feel the breath of parted lips, and, with a long cry of discouragement, fled across the level bottom of the bay.

She ran lightly, unaware of any effort of her body. High sharp rocks that, when the bay is full, show above the glittering plain of blue water like pointed towers of submerged churches, glided past her, rushing to the land at a tremendous pace. To the left, in the distance, she could see something shining : a broad disc of light in which narrow shadows pivoted round the centre like the spokes of a wheel. She heard a voice calling, "Hey ! There ! " and answered with a wild scream. So, he could call yet ! He was calling after her to stop. Never ! . . . She tore through the night, past the startled group of seaweed-gatherers who stood round their lantern paralysed with fear at the unearthly screech coming from that fleeing shadow. The men leaned on their pitchforks staring fearfully. A woman fell on her knees, and, crossing

herself, began to pray aloud. A little girl with her ragged skirt full of slimy seaweed began to sob despairingly, lugging her soaked burden close to the man who carried the light. Somebody said: "The thing ran out towards the sea." Another voice exclaimed: "And the sea is coming back! Look at the spreading puddles. Do you hear—you woman—there! Get up!" Several voices cried together. "Yes, let us be off! Let the accursed thing go to the sea!" They moved on, keeping close round the light. Suddenly a man swore loudly. He would go and see what was the matter. It had been a woman's voice. He would go. There were shrill protests from women—but his high form detached itself from the group and went off running. They sent an unanimous call of scared voices after him. A word, insulting and mocking, came back, thrown at them through darkness. A woman moaned. An old man said gravely: "Such things ought to be left alone." They went on slower, now shuffling in the yielding sand and whispering to one another that Millot feared nothing, having no religion, but that it would end badly some day.

Susan met the incoming tide by the Raven islet and stopped, panting, with her feet in the water. She heard the murmur and felt the cold caress of the sea, and, calmer now, could see the sombre and confused mass of the Raven on one side and on the other the long white streak of Molène sands that are left high above the dry bottom of Fougère Bay at every ebb. She turned round and saw far away, along the starred background of the sky, the ragged outline of the coast. Above it, nearly facing her, appeared the tower of Ploumar church; a slender and tall pyramid shooting up dark and pointed into the clustered glitter of the stars. She felt strangely calm. She knew where she was, and began to remember how she came there—and why. She peered into the smooth obscurity near her. She was alone. There was nothing there; nothing near her, either living or dead.

The tide was creeping in quietly, putting out long impatient arms of strange rivulets that ran towards the land between ridges of sand. Under the night the pools grew bigger with mysterious rapidity, while the great sea, yet far off, thundered in a regular rhythm along the indistinct line of the horizon. Suzan splashed her way back for a few yards without being able to get clear of the water that murmured tenderly all around and, suddenly, with a spiteful gurgle, nearly took her off her feet. Her heart thumped with fear. This place was too big and too empty to die in. To-morrow they would do with her what they liked. But before she died she must tell them—tell the gentleman in black clothes that there are things no woman can bear. She must explain how it happened. . . . She splashed through a pool, getting wet to the

waist, too preoccupied to care. . . . She must explain. "He came in the same way as ever and said, just so: 'Do you think I am going to leave the land to those people from Morbihan that I do not know? Do you? We shall see! Come along, you creature of mischance!' And he put his arms out. Then, Messieurs, I said: 'Before God—never!' And he said, striding at me with open palms: 'There is no God to hold me! Do you understand, you useless carcase. I will do what I like.' And he took me by the shoulders. Then I, Messieurs, called to God for help, and next minute, while he was shaking me, I felt my long scissors in my hand. His shirt was unbuttoned, and, by the candle-light, I saw the hollow of his throat. I cried: 'Let go!' He was crushing my shoulders. He was strong, my man was! Then I thought: No! . . . Must I? . . . Then take!—and I struck in the hollow place. I never saw him fall. Never! Never! . . . Never saw him fall. . . . The old father never turned his head. He is deaf and childish, gentlemen. . . . Nobody saw him fall. I ran out. . . . Nobody saw. . . ."

She had been scrambling amongst the boulders of the Raven and now found herself, all out of breath, standing amongst the heavy shadows of the rocky islet. The Raven is connected with the main land by a natural pier of immense and slippery stones. She intended to return home that way. Was he still standing there? At home. Home! Four idiots and a corpse. She must go back and explain. Anybody would understand. . . .

Below her the night or the sea seemed to pronounce distinctly:

"Aha! I see you at last!"

She started, slipped, fell; and without attempting to rise, listened, terrified. She heard heavy breathing, a clatter of wooden clogs. It stopped.

"Where the devil did you pass?" said an invisible man, hoarsely.

She held her breath. She recognized the voice. She had not seen him fall. Was he pursuing her there dead, or perhaps . . . alive?

She lost her head. She cried from the crevice where she lay huddled, "Never, never!"

"Ah! You are still there. You led me a fine dance. Wait, my beauty, I must see how you look after all this. You wait. . . .

Millot was stumbling, laughing, swearing meaninglessly out of pure satisfaction, pleased with himself for having run down that fly-by-night. "As if there were such things as ghosts! Bah! It took an old African soldier to show those clodhoppers. . . . But it was curious. Who the devil was she?"

Susan listened, crouching. He was coming for her, this dead man. There was no escape. What a noise he made amongst the stones. . . . She saw his

head rise up, then the shoulders. He was tall—her own man! His long arms waved about, and it was his own voice sounding a little strange . . . because of the scissors. She scrambled out quickly, rushed to the edge of the causeway, and turned round. The man stood still on a high stone, detaching himself in dead black on the glitter of the sky.

"Where are you going to?" he called roughly.

She answered, "Home!" and watched him intensely. He made a striding, clumsy leap on to another boulder, and stopped again, balancing himself, then said:

"Ha! ha! Well, I am going with you. It's the least I can do. Ha! ha! ha!"

She stared at him till her eyes seemed to become glowing coals that burned deep into her brain, and yet she was in mortal fear of making out the well-known features. Below her the sea lapped softly against the rock with a splash, continuous and gentle.

The man said, advancing another step:

"I am coming for you. What do you think?"

She trembled. Coming for her! There was no escape, no peace, no hope. She looked round despairingly. Suddenly the whole shadowy coast, the blurred islets, the heaven itself, swayed about twice, then came to a rest. She closed her eyes and shouted:

"Can't you wait till I am dead!"

She was shaken by a furious hate for that shade that pursued her in this world, unappeased even by death in its longing for an heir that would be like other people's children.

"Hey! What?" said Millot, keeping his distance prudently. He was saying to himself: "Look out! Some lunatic. An accident happens soon."

She went on, wildly:

"I want to live. To live alone—for a week—for a day. I must explain to them. . . . I would tear you to pieces, I would kill you twenty times over rather than let you touch me while I live. How many times must I kill you —you blasphemer! Satan sends you here. I am damned too!"

"Come," said Millot, alarmed and conciliating. I am perfectly alive! . . . Oh, my God!"

She had screamed, "Alive!" and at once vanished before his eyes, as if the islet itself had swerved aside from under her feet. Millot rushed forward, and fell flat with his chin over the edge. Far below he saw the water whitened by her struggles, and heard one shrill cry for help that seemed to

dart upwards along the perpendicular face of the rock, and soar past, straight into the high and impassive heaven.

Madame Levaille sat, dry-eyed, on the short grass of the hill side, with her thick legs stretched out, and her old feet turned up in their black cloth shoes. Her clogs stood near by, and further off the umbrella lay on the withered sward like a weapon dropped from the grasp of a vanquished warrior. The Marquis of Chavanes, on horseback, one gloved hand on thigh, looked down at her as she got up laboriously, with groans. On the narrow track of the seaweed-carts four men were carrying inland Susan's body on a hand-barrow, while several others straggled listlessly behind. Madame Levaille looked after the procession. "Yes, Monsieur le Marquis," she said dispassionately, in her usual calm tone of a reasonable old woman. "There are unfortunate people on this earth. I had only one child. Only one! And they won't bury her in consecrated ground!"

Her eyes filled suddenly, and a short shower of tears rolled down the broad cheeks. She pulled the shawl close about her. The Marquis leaned slightly over in his saddle, and said:

"It is very sad. You have all my sympathy. I shall speak to the Curé. She was unquestionably insane, and the fall was accidental. Millot says so distinctly. Good-day, Madame."

And he trotted off, thinking to himself: I must get this old woman appointed guardian of those idiots, and administrator of the farm. It would be much better than having here one of those other Bacadous, probably a red republican, corrupting my commune.

JOSEPH CONRAD.

IN SAINT-JACQUES

TIRED with the sunlight, her eyes close in prayer,
A little heap before a waxen saint;
Heaven above heaven, the starry hosts are there,
The wind of odorous wings, beating, breathes faint.

Ah, she is old, and the world's ways are rough,
She has grown old with sorrow, year by year;
She is alone: yet is it not enough
To be alone with God, as she is here?

Here, in the shadowy chapel, where I stand,
An alien, at the door, and see within
Bent head and benediction of the hand,
And may not, though I long to enter in.

Sightless, she sees the angels thronging her,
She sees descending on her from above
The Blessed Vision for her comforter:
But I can see no vision, only Love.

I have believed in Love, and Love 's untrue:
Bid me believe, and bring me to your saint,
Woman! and let me come and kneel with you! . . .
But I should see only the wax and paint.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

The Death of Pierrot

by

Aubrey Beardsley

"As the dawn broke, Pierrot fell into his last sleep. Then upon tip-toe, silently up the stair, noiselessly into the room, came the comedians Arlecchino, Pantaleone, il Dottore, and Columbina, who with much love carried away upon their shoulders, the white frocked clown of Bergamo; whither, we know not."

AUBREY BEARDSLEY

CONCERNING JUDE THE OBSCURE

THE eighteenth century is the great period of the English novel. Defoe, Richardson, Fielding, Goldsmith, Sterne, and Jane Austen initiated or carried towards perfection nearly every variety of fiction; they had few or no rivals throughout Europe. Scott, with his incomparable genius for romance, was left to complete the evolutionary process.

Yet it was Scott, as we too often forget, who marred everything and threw the English novel into disorganization from which it has not even to-day recovered. Those jerry-built, pseudo-mediæval structures which he raised so rapidly and so easily, still retain, I hope, some of the fascination which they possessed for us when we were children; they certainly retain it for a few of those children of a larger growth whom we call men of genius. But Scott's prodigious facility and the conventional unreality of his view of life ruined the English novel. By means of his enormous reputation he was enabled to debase the intellectual and moral currency in this department of literature to the lowest possible limit. It is a curious illustration of our attitude towards these things that Scott's method of paying off his debts by feverish literary production seems only to arouse our unqualified admiration. The commercial instinct in our British breasts is so highly developed that we glory in the sight of a great man prostituting his fame to make money, especially in a good cause. If he had paid off his debts at the gaming table, or even at the stock exchange, perhaps we should have been shocked. As he only flung his own genius and art on to the table to play against a credulous public his virtue remains immaculate. But a fate works through these things, however opaque the veil of insular self-satisfaction over our eyes. Scott, the earlier Scott, was a European influence, manifested in Manzoni, down through Hendrik Conscience to the drivel of Paul Féval. Since Scott no English novelist has been a force in European literature.

This may seem too stringent a judgment of so copious a branch of literature. But it is because the literature of fiction is so copious that we need a stringent clue to guide us through its mazes. A man cannot be too

keen in grasping at the things that concern himself, too relentless in flinging aside those things that for him at least have no concern. For myself, at all events, I find now little in nineteenth-century English fiction that concerns me, least of all in popular fiction. I am well content to read and ponder the novels that seem to me assuredly great. In the next century, perhaps, I shall have time to consider whether it were well to read "Robert Elsmere" or "The Heavenly Twins," but as yet the question is scarcely pressing.

If that is the case, I may be asked, why read Thomas Hardy? And I must confess that that question occurred to me—long a devout admirer of Mr. Hardy's work—some fourteen years ago, and I found it unanswerable.[1] For while he still seemed to me a fine artist, I scarcely regarded him as a great artist in the sense in which I so regarded some English novelists of the last century, and some French and Russian novelists of this century. Moreover, Mr. Hardy was becoming a popular novelist. For it may be a foolish fancy, but I do not like drinking at those pools which are turbid from the hoofs of my fellow creatures; when I cannot get there before the others I like to wait until a considerable time after they have left. I could not read my Catullus in peace if I had an uneasy sense that thousands of my fellow creatures were writing to the newspapers to say what a nice girl Lesbia was, and how horrid a person Gellius, condescending to approve the poet's fraternal sentiments, lamenting the unwholesome tone of his Atys. It is my felicity that the railroad that skirts the Lago di Garda still sets but few persons down for Sermione. Nor am I alone in this. The unequalled rapture of Lamb's joy in the Elizabethan dramatists was due to the immensity of the solitude in which at that moment they lay enfolded. Indeed this attitude of mind is ancient and well-rooted. The saviours of mankind, with what at first sight seems an unkindly delight, have emphasized the fact that salvation belongs to the few. Yet not only is religion a sacred mystery, but love also, and art. When the profane are no longer warned away from the threshold it is a reasonable suspicion that no mystery is there.—So it was that I ceased to read Mr. Hardy's novels.

But since then things have somewhat changed. The crowd thickened, indeed, especially when "Tess" appeared, for that book chanced to illustrate a fashionable sentimental moral. But last year, suddenly, on the appearance of Mr. Hardy's latest book, a great stampede was heard in the land. Noisy bands of the novelist's readers were fleeing in every direction. Although it

[1] I may here mention that, in 1883, I published in the "Westminster Review" a somewhat detailed study of the whole of Mr. Hardy's work up to that date.

was still clearly premature to say that peace reigned in the Warsaw of "Tess's" admirers, I detected at least an interesting matter for investigation. —Thus I returned to Mr. Hardy's work.

That work is now very considerable, remembering the brief space of twenty-five years over which it is spread. The *damnosa hæreditas* of Scott still afflicts nearly all our novelists with a fatal productiveness. The bigger the burden you lay on the back of Posterity the sooner he is certain to throw it off. And the creature's instinct is right; no man, not even a Goethe, is immortally wise in fifty volumes. There are few novelists who can afford to write much. Even Balzac, the type of prolific imagination in fiction, is no exception. Content to give the merest external impression of reality, he toiled terribly in moulding the clay of his own inner consciousness to produce a vast world of half-baked images, which are immensely impressive in the mass but crumble to pieces in your fingers when you take them up. Mr. George Meredith is, perhaps, our nearest modern English counterpart to Balzac. There is a prodigious expenditure of intellectual energy in the crowd of Meredith's huge novels. To turn from, let us say, "The Hand of Ethelberta" to "Evan Harrington," is to feel that, intellectually, Hardy is a mere child compared to Meredith. There never was a novelist so superhumanly and obstreperously clever as Mr. Meredith. One suspects that much of the admiration expended on Meredith, as on Browning, is really the reader's admiration of his own cleverness in being able to toddle along at the coat-tails of such a giant. Crude intellect is as much outside art as crude emotion or crude morals. One admires the splendid profusion of power, but the perfected achievement which alone holds our attention permanently is not to be found among these exuberantly brilliant marionettes. It is all very splendid, but I find no good reason for reading it, since already it scarcely belongs to our time, since it never possessed the virtues which are independent of time. Like Balzac, George Meredith has built to his own memory a great cairn in literature. No doubt it will be an inspiring spectacle for our race to gaze back at.

There are really only two kinds of novels which are permanently interesting to men. The first contains those few which impress us by the immortal power with which they present a great story or a great human type. Such are the "Satyricon," "Petit Jehan de Saintré," "Don Quixote," "Gil Blas," "Tom Jones." These books are always modern, always invigorating. They stand foursquare, each on its own basis, against every assault of time. The other class of novels—holding us not less closely, though it may be less masterfully —appeal by their intimate insight into the mysteries of the heart. They are

the books that whisper to us secrets we half-knew yet never quite understood. They throw open doors into the soul that were only ajar. The men who write them are not always great masters of style or of literary architectonics, but by some happy inspiration they have revealed themselves as great masters of the human heart. Such books are full of the intimate charm of something that we remember, of things that chanced to us "a great while since, a long, long time ago," and yet they have the startling audacity of the modernest things. Among them are "Manon Lescaut," "Adolphe," "Le Rouge et le Noir," some of Dostoieffsky's novels. If any of Mr. Hardy's novels may claim to be compared with the immortals it is the books of this class which we should bear in mind.

The real and permanent interest in Mr. Hardy's books is not his claim to be the exponent of Wessex—a claim which has been more than abundantly recognized—but his intense preoccupation with the mysteries of women's hearts. He is less a story-teller than an artist who has intently studied certain phases of passion, and brings us a simple and faithful report of what he has found. A certain hesitancy in the report, an occasional failure of narrative or style, only adds piquancy and a sense of veracity to the record. A mischievous troll, from time to time—more rarely in Mr. Hardy's later work—is allowed to insert all sorts of fantastic conceits and incidents. Such interpolations merely furnish additional evidence in favour of the genuine inspiration of the whole document. We realize that we are in the presence of an artist who is wholly absorbed in the effort to catch the fleeting caprices of the external world, unsuspected and incalculable, the unexpected fluctuations of the human heart.

The great novelists of the present century who have chiefly occupied themselves with the problems of passion and the movements of women's hearts —I mean Paul Heyse and George Meredith, together with Goethe, who may be called their master—have all shown a reverent faith in what we call Nature as opposed to Society; they have all regarded the impulses and the duties of love in women as independent of social regulation, which may or may not impede the free play of passion and natural morality. Mr. Hardy fully shares this characteristic. It was less obvious in his earlier novels, no doubt, although Cytherea of his first book, "Desperate Remedies," discovered the moral problems which have puzzled her youngest sisters, and Eustacia in "The Return of the Native" sank in what she called "the mire of marriage" long before Sue experienced her complicated matrimonial disasters. For Hardy, as for Goethe and Heyse, and usually for Meredith the problems of women's hearts are mostly independent of the routine codes of men.

The whole course of Mr. Hardy's development, from 1871 to the present, has been natural and inevitable, with lapses and irregularities it may be, but with no real break and no new departure. He seems to have been led along the path of his art by his instincts ; he was never a novelist with a programme, planning his line of march at the outset, and boldly affronting public reprobation ; he has moved slowly and tentatively. In his earlier books he eluded any situation involving marked collision between Nature and Society, and thus these books failed to shock the susceptibilities of readers who had been brought up in familiarity with the unreal conventionalities which rule in the novels of Hugo, Dickens, Thackeray, and the rest. "Far from the Madding Crowd" first appeared in the "Cornhill," from which a few years earlier Thackeray had excluded Mrs. Browning's poem, "Lord Walter's Wife," as presenting an immoral situation. It was not until "Two on a Tower" appeared, in 1882, that the general public—led, if I remember rightly, by the "Spectator"—began to suspect that in reading Mr. Hardy's books it was not treading on the firm rock of convention. The reason was, not that any fundamental change was taking place in the novelist's work, but that there really is a large field in which the instincts of human love and human caprice can have free play without too obviously conflicting with established moral codes. Both in life and in art it is this large field which we first reach. It is thus in the most perfect and perhaps the most delightful of Mr. Hardy's early books, "Under the Greenwood Tree." The free play of Fancy's vagrant heart may be followed in all its little bounds and rebounds, its fanciful ardours and repressions, because she is too young a thing to drink deep of life—and because she is not yet married. It is all very immoral, as Nature is, but it succeeds in avoiding any collision with the rigid constitution of Society. The victim finally takes the white veil and is led to the altar ; then a door is closed, and the convent gate of marriage is not again opened to the intrusive novel-reader's eye. Not by any means because it is considered that the horrors beyond are too terrible to be depicted. The matter does not appear to the novelist under this metaphor. Your wholesome-minded novelist knows that the life of a pure-natured Englishwoman after marriage is, as Taine said, mainly that of a very broody hen, a series of merely physiological processes with which he, as a novelist, has no further concern.

But in novels, as in life, one comes at length to realize that marriage is not necessarily either a grave, or a convent gate, or a hen's nest, that though the conditions are changed the forces at work remain largely the same. It is still quite possible to watch the passions at play, though there may now be more

tragedy or more pathos in the outcome of that play. This Mr. Hardy proceeded to do, first on a small scale in short stories, and then on a larger scale. "Tess" is typical of this later unconventional way of depicting the real issues of passion. Remarkable as that book no doubt is, I confess that on the whole it has made no very strong appeal to me. I was repelled at the outset by the sub-title. It so happens that I have always regarded the conception of "purity," when used in moral discussions, as a conception sadly in need of analysis, and almost the first time I ever saw myself in print was as the author of a discussion, carried on with the usual ethical fervour of youth, of the question: "What is Purity?" I have often seen occasion to ask the question since. It seems to me doubtful whether anyone is entitled to use the word "pure" without first defining precisely what he means, and still more doubtful whether an artist is called upon to define it at all, even in several hundred pages. I can quite conceive that the artist should take pleasure in the fact that his own creative revelation of life poured contempt on many old prejudices. But such an effect is neither powerful nor legitimate unless it is engrained in the texture of the narrative; it cannot be stuck on by a label. To me that glaring sub-title meant nothing, and I could not see what it should mean to Mr. Hardy. It seemed an indication that he was inclined to follow after George Eliot, who —for a large "consideration"—condescended to teach morality to the British public, selling her great abilities for a position of fame which has since proved somewhat insecure; because although English men and women are never so happy as when absorbing unorthodox sermons under the guise of art, the permanent vitality of sermons is considerably less than that of art.

Thus I was not without suspicion in approaching "Jude the Obscure." Had Mr. Hardy discovered the pernicious truth that whereas children can only take their powders in jam, the strenuous British public cannot be induced to devour their jam unless convinced that it contains some strange and nauseous powder? Was "Jude the Obscure" a sermon on marriage from the text on the title-page: "The letter killeth"? Putting aside the small failures always liable to occur in Mr. Hardy's work, I found little to justify the suspicion. The sermon may, possibly, be there, but the spirit of art has, at all events, not been killed. In all the great qualities of literature "Jude the Obscure" seems to me the greatest novel written in England for many years.

It is interesting to compare "Jude" with a characteristic novel of Mr. Hardy's earlier period, with "A Pair of Blue Eyes," or "The Return of the Native." On going back to these, after reading "Jude," one notes the graver and deeper tones in the later book, the more austere and restrained roads of

art which Mr. Hardy has sought to follow, and the more organic and radical way in which he now grips the individuality of his creatures. The individuals themselves have not fundamentally changed. The type of womankind that Mr. Hardy chiefly loves to study, from Cytherea to Sue, has always been the same, very human, also very feminine, rarely with any marked element of virility, and so contrasting curiously with the androgynous heroines loved of Mr. Meredith. The latter, with their resolute daring and energy, are of finer calibre and more imposing ; they are also very much rarer in the actual world than Mr. Hardy's women, who represent, it seems to me, a type not uncommon in the south of England, where the heavier Teutonic and Scandinavian elements are, more than elsewhere, modified by the alert and volatile elements furnished by earlier races. But if the type remains the same the grasp of it is now much more thorough. At first Mr. Hardy took these women chiefly at their more obviously charming or pathetic moments, and sought to make the most of those moments, a little careless as to the organic connection of such moments to the underlying personality. One can well understand that many readers should prefer the romantic charm of the earlier passages, but—should it be necessary to affirm ?—to grapple with complexly realized persons and to dare to face them in the tragic or sordid crises of real life is to rise to a higher plane of art. In " Jude the Obscure " there is a fine self-restraint, a complete mastery of all the elements of an exceedingly human story. There is nothing here of the distressing melodrama into which Mr. Hardy was wont to fall in his early novels. Yet in plot " Jude " might be a farce. One could imagine that Mr. Hardy had purposed to himself to take a conventional farce, in which a man and a woman leave their respective partners to make love to one another and then finally rejoin their original partners, in order to see what could be made of such a story by an artist whose sensitive vision penetrated to the tragic irony of things ; just as the great novelists of old, De la Sale, Cervantes, Fielding, took the worn-out conventional stories of their time, and filled them with the immortal blood of life. Thus " Jude " has a certain symmetry of plan such as is rare in the actual world—where we do not so readily respond to our cues—but to use such a plot to produce such an effect is an achievement of the first order.

Only at one point, it seems to me, is there a serious lapse in the art of the book, and that is when the door of the bedroom closet is sprung open on us to reveal the row of childish corpses. Up to that one admires the strength and sobriety of the narrative, its complete reliance on the interests that lie in common humanity. We feel that here are real human beings of the sort we

all know, engaged in obscure struggles that are latent in the life we all know. But with the opening of that cupboard we are thrust out of the large field of common life into the small field of the police court or the lunatic asylum, among the things which for most of us are comparatively unreal. It seems an unnecessary clash in the story. Whatever failure of nervous energy may be present in the Fawley family, it is clear that Mr. Hardy was not proposing to himself a study of gross pathological degenerescence, a study of the hereditary evolution of criminality. If that were so, the story would lose the wide human significance which is not merely stated explicitly in the preface, but implicitly throughout. Nor can it be said that so wholesale a murder was required for the constructive development of the history ; a much less serious catastrophe would surely have sufficed to influence the impressionable Sue. However skilful Mr. Hardy may be in the fine art of murder, it is as a master of the more tender and human passions that he is at his best. The element of bloodshed in "Tess" seems of dubious value. One is inclined to question altogether the fitness of bloodshed for the novelist's purpose at the present period of history. As a factor in human fate bloodshed to-day is both too near and too remote for the purposes of art. It is too rare to be real and poignant to every heart, and in the days of well-equipped burglars and a "spirited" foreign policy it is too vulgar to bring with it any romance of "old unhappy far-off things." Our great sixteenth-century dramatists could use it securely as their commonest resource because it was then a deeply-rooted fact both of artistic convention and of real life. In this century bloodshed can only be made humanly interesting by a great psychologist, living on the barbarous outskirts of civilization, a Dostoieffsky to whom the secret of every abnormal impulse has been revealed. In Mr. Hardy's books bloodshed is one of the forms put on by the capricious troll whose business it is to lure him from his own work. But that cupboard contains the only skeleton in the house of "Jude the Obscure." On the whole, it may be said that Mr. Hardy here leads us to a summit in art, where the air is perhaps too rare and austere for the more short-winded among his habitual readers, but, so far as can yet be seen, surely a summit.—So at least it seems to one who no longer cares to strain his vision in detecting mole-hills on the lower slopes of Parnassus, yet still finds pleasure in gazing back at the peaks.

But I understand that the charge brought against "Jude the Obscure" is not so much that it is bad art as that it is a book with a purpose, a moral or an immoral purpose, according to the standpoint of the critic. It would not be pleasant to admit that a book you thought bad morality is good art, but

the bad morality is the main point, and this book, it is said, is immoral, and indecent as well.

So are most of our great novels. "Jane Eyre," we know on the authority of a "Quarterly" reviewer, could not have been written by a respectable woman, while another "Quarterly" (or maybe "Edinburgh") reviewer declared that certain scenes in "Adam Bede" are indecently suggestive. "Tom Jones" is even yet regarded as unfit to be read in an unabridged form. The echo of the horror which "Les Liaisons Dangereuses" produced more than a century ago in the cheerfully immoral society of the *ancien régime* has scarcely even to-day died down sufficiently to permit an impartial judgment of that powerful and saturnine book. "Madame Bovary," which Taine regarded in later days as fit for use in Sunday schools, was thought so shocking in the austere court of Napoleon III. that there was no alternative to prosecution. Zola's chief novels, which to-day are good enough to please Mr. Stead, the champion of British Puritanism, were yesterday bad enough to send his English publisher to prison. It seems, indeed, on a review of all the facts, that the surer a novel is of a certain immortality, the surer it is also to be regarded at first as indecent, as subversive of public morality. So that when, as in the present case, such charges are recklessly flung about in all the most influential quarters, we are simply called upon to accept them placidly as necessary incidents in the career of a great novel.

It is no fortuitous circumstance that the greatest achievements of the novelist's art seem to outrage morality. "Jude the Obscure" is a sufficiently great book to serve to illustrate a first principle. I have remarked that I cannot find any undue intrusion of morality in the art of this book. But I was careful to express myself cautiously, for without doubt the greatest issues of social morality are throughout at stake. So that the question arises: What is the function of the novelist as regards morals? The answer is simple, though it has sometimes been muddled. A few persons have incautiously asserted that the novel has nothing to do with morals. That we cannot assert; the utmost that can be asserted is that the novelist should never allow himself to be made the tool of a merely moral or immoral purpose. For the fact is that, so far as the moralist deals with life at all, morals is part of the very stuff of his art. That is to say, that his art lies in drawing the sinuous woof of human nature between the rigid warp of morals. Take away morals, and the novelist is *in vacuo*, in the region of fairy land. The more subtly and firmly he can weave these elements together the more impressive becomes the stuff of his art. The great poet may be in love with passion, but it is by heightening and strengthen-

ing the dignity of traditional moral law that he gives passion fullest play. When Wagner desired to create a typically complete picture of passion he chose the story of Tristram ; no story of Paul and Virginia can ever bring out the deepest cries of human passion. Shakespeare found it impossible to picture even the pure young love of Romeo and Juliet without the aid of the violated laws of family and tradition. "The crash of broken commandments," Mr. Hardy once wrote in a magazine article, "is as necessary an accompaniment to the catastrophe of a tragedy as the noise of drum and cymbals to a triumphal march ;" and that picturesque image fails to express how essential to the dramatist is this clash of law against passion. It is the same in life as in art, and if you think of the most pathetic stories of human passion, the profoundest utterances of human love, you probably think most readily of such things as the letters of Abélard and Héloise, or of Mlle. de Lespinasse, or of the Portuguese nun, and only with difficulty of the tamer speech of happier and more legitimate emotions. Life finds her game in playing off the irresistible energy of the individual against the equally irresistible energy of the race, and the stronger each is the finer the game. So the great artist whose brain is afire with the love of passion yet magnifies the terror and force of moral law, in his heart probably hates it.

Mr. Hardy has always been in love with Nature, with the instinctive, spontaneous, unregarded aspects of Nature, from the music of the dead heather-bells to the flutter of tremulous human hearts, all the things that are beautiful because they are uncontrolled by artificial constraint. The progress of his art has consisted in bringing this element of nature into ever closer contact with the rigid routine of life, making it more human, making it more moral or more immoral. It is an inevitable progression. That love of the spontaneous, the primitive, the unbound—which we call the love of "Nature"—must as it becomes more searching take more and more into account those things, also natural, which bind and constrain "Nature." So that on the one side, as Mr. Hardy has himself expressed it, we have Nature and her unconsciousness of all but essential law, on the other the laws framed merely as social expedients without a basis in the heart of things, and merely expressing the triumph of the majority over the individual ; which shows, as is indeed evident from Mr. Hardy's work, that he is not much in sympathy with Society, and also shows that, like Heyse, he recognizes a moral order in Nature. This conflict reaches its highest point around women. Truly or falsely, for good or for evil, woman has always been for man the supreme priestess, or the supreme devil, of Nature. "A woman," said Proudhon—himself the incarnation of the revolt of

Nature in the heart of man—"even the most charming and virtuous woman, always contains an element of cunning, the wild beast element. She is a tamed animal that sometimes returns to her natural instinct. This cannot be said in the same degree of man." The loving student of the elemental in Nature so becomes the loving student of women, the sensitive historian of her conflicts with "sin" and with "repentance," the creations of man. Not, indeed, that any woman who has "sinned," if her sin was indeed love, ever really "repents." It is probable that a true experience of the one emotional state as of the other remains a little foreign to her, "sin" having probably been the invention of men who never really knew what love is. She may catch the phrases of the people around her when her spirit is broken, but that is all. I have never known or heard of any woman, having for one moment in her life loved and been loved, who did not count that moment as worth all other moments in life. The consciousness of the world's professed esteem can never give to unloved virtue and respectability the pride which belongs to the woman who has once "sinned" with all her heart. One supposes that the slaves of old who never once failed in abject obedience to their master's will mostly subdued their souls to the level of their starved virtues. But the woman who has loved is like the slave who once at least in his life has risen in rebellion with the cry: "And I, too, am a man!" Nothing that comes after can undo the fine satisfaction of that moment. It was so that a great seventeenth-century predecessor of Mr. Hardy in the knowledge of the heart, painted Annabella exultant in her sin even at the moment of discovery, for "Nature" knows no sin.

If these things are so, it is clear how the artist who has trained himself to the finest observation of Nature cannot fail, as his art becomes more vital and profound, to paint morals. The fresher and more intimate his vision of Nature, the more startling his picture of morals. To such an extent is this the case in "Jude the Obscure," that some people have preferred to regard the book as a study of monstrosity, of disease. Sue is neurotic, some critics say; it is fashionable to play cheerfully with terrible words you know nothing about. "Neurotic" these good people say by way of dismissing her, innocently unaware that many a charming "urban miss" of their own acquaintance would deserve the name at least as well. In representing Jude and Sue as belonging to a failing family stock, I take it that Mr. Hardy by no means wished to bring before us a mere monstrosity, a pathological "case," but that rather, with an artist's true instinct—the same instinct that moved so great an artist as Shakespeare when he conceived "Hamlet"—he indicates the channels of least resistance along which the forces of life most impetuously rush. Jude and Sue are represented

as crushed by a civilization to which they were not born, and though civilization may in some respects be regarded as a disease and as unnatural, in others it may be said to bring out those finer vibrations of Nature which are overlaid by rough and bucolic conditions of life. The refinement of sexual sensibility with which this book largely deals is precisely such a vibration. To treat Jude, who wavers between two women, and Sue, who finds the laws of marriage too mighty for her lightly-poised organism, as shocking monstrosities, reveals a curious attitude in the critics who have committed themselves to that view. Clearly they consider human sexual relationships to be as simple as those of the farmyard. They are as shocked as a farmer would be to find that a hen had views of her own concerning the lord of the harem. If, let us say, you decide that Indian Game and Plymouth Rock make a good cross, you put your cock and hens together, and the matter is settled ; and if you decide that a man and a woman are in love with each other, you marry them and the matter is likewise settled for the whole term of their natural lives. I suppose that the farmyard view really is the view of the ordinary wholesome-minded novelist —I mean of course in England—and of his ordinary critic. Indeed in Europe generally, a distinguished German anthropologist has lately declared, sensible and experienced men still often exhibit a knowledge of sexual matters such as we might expect from a milkmaid. But assuredly the farmyard view corresponds imperfectly to the facts of human life in our time. Such things as " Jude " is made of are, in our time at all events, life, and life is still worthy of her muse.

" Yes, yes, no doubt that is so," some critics have said in effect, " but consider how dangerous such a book is. It may be read by the young. Consider how sad it would be if the young should come to suspect, before they are themselves married, that marriage after all may not always be a box of bonbons. Remember the Young Person." Mr. Hardy has himself seemingly, though it may only be in seeming, admitted the justice of this objection when in the preface to his book he states that it is " addressed by a man to men and women of full age." Of course there is really only one thing that the true artist can or will remember, and that is his art. He is only writing for one person—himself. But it remains true that a picture of the moral facts of the world must arouse moral emotions in the beholder, and while it may not be legitimate to discuss what the artist ought to have done, it is perfectly legitimate to discuss the effect of what he has done.

I must confess that to me it seems the merest cant to say that a book has been written only to be read by elderly persons. In France, where a different tradition has been established, the statement may pass, but not in England nor

in America, where the Young Person has a firm grip of the novel, which she is not likely to lose. Twenty years ago one observed that one's girl friends—the daughters of clergymen and other pillars of society—found no difficulty, when so minded, in reading *en cachette* the works of Ouida, then the standard-bearer of the Forbidden, and subsequent observation makes it probable that they are transmitting a similar aptitude to their daughters, the Young Persons of to-day. We may take it that a novel, especially if written in English, is open to all readers. If you wish to write exclusively for adult readers, it is difficult to say what form of literature you should adopt; even metaphysics is scarcely safe, but the novel is out of the question. Every attempt to restrict literature is open to a *reductio ad absurdum*. I well remember the tender-hearted remonstrance of an eminent physician concerning a proposal to publish in a medical journal a paper on some delicate point in morbid psychology: "There are always the compositors." Who knows but that some weak-kneed suggestible compositor may by Jude Fawley's example be thrust on the downward road to adultery and drink? With this high-strung anxiety lest we cause our brother to offend, no forward step could ever be taken in the world; for "there are always the compositors." There would be nothing better than to sit still before the book of Ecclesiastes, leaving the compositors to starve in the odour of sanctity.

But why should the Young Person not read "Jude the Obscure"? To me at least such a question admits of no answer when the book is the work of a genuine artist. One can understand that a work of art as art may not be altogether intelligible to the youthful mind, but if we are to regard it as an ensample or a warning, surely it is only for youth that it can have any sort of saving grace. "Jude" is an artistic picture of a dilemma such as the Young Person, in some form or another, may one day have to face. Surely, on moral grounds, she should understand and realize this beforehand. A book which pictures such things with fine perception and sympathy should be singularly fit reading. There is probably, however, much more foxiness than morality in the attitude of the Elderly Person in this matter. "Don't trouble about traps, my little dears," the Elderly Person seems to say; "at your age you ought not to know there are such things. And really they are too painful to talk about; no well-bred Young Person does." When the Young Person has been duly caught, and emerges perhaps without any tail, then the Elderly Person will be willing to discuss the matter on a footing of comfortable equality. But what good will it be to the Young Person then? The Elderly Person's solicitude in this matter springs, one fears, from no moral source, but has its origin

in mists of barbarous iniquity which, to avoid bringing the blush of shame to his cheek, need not here be investigated. "Move on, Auntie!" as little Sue said to the indignant relation who had caught her wading in the pond, "this is no sight for modest eyes!"

So that if the Young Person should care to read "Jude" we ought for her own sake, at all events, to be thankful. But our thankfulness may not be needed. The Young Person has her own tastes, which are at least as organically rooted as anyone else's; if they are strong she will succeed in gratifying them; if they are not, they scarcely matter much. She ranks "A Pair of Blue Eyes" above "Jude the Obscure," likes Dickens more than either, and infinitely prefers Marie Corelli to them all. Thus she puts her foot down on the whole discussion. In any case it ought to be unnecessary to labour this point; there is really little to add to Ruskin's eloquent vindication for young girls of a wholesome freedom to follow their own instincts in the choice of books.

To sum up, "Jude the Obscure" seems to me—in such a matter one can only give one's own impressions for what they are worth—a singularly fine piece of art, when we remember the present position of the English novel. It is the natural outcome of Mr. Hardy's development, along lines that are genuinely and completely English. It deals very subtly and sensitively with new and modern aspects of life, and if, in so doing, it may be said to represent Nature as often cruel to our social laws, we must remark that the strife of Nature and Society, the individual and the community, has ever been the artist's opportunity. "Matrimony have growed to be that serious in these days," Widow Edlin remarks, "that one really do feel afeard to move in it at all." It is an affectation to pretend that the farmyard theory of life still rules unquestioned, and that there are no facts to justify Mrs. Edlin. If anyone will not hear her, let him turn to the Registrar-General. Such facts are in our civilisation to-day. We have no right to resent the grave and serious spirit with which Mr. Hardy, in the maturity of his genius, has devoted his best art to picture some of these facts. In "Jude the Obscure" we find for the first time in our literature the reality of marriage clearly recognized as something wholly apart from the mere ceremony with which our novelists have usually identified it. Others among our novelists may have tried to deal with the reality rather than with its shadow, but assuredly not with the audacity, purity and sincerity of an artist who is akin in spirit to the great artists of our best dramatic age, to Fletcher and Heywood and Ford, rather than to the powerful though often clumsy novelists of the eighteenth century.

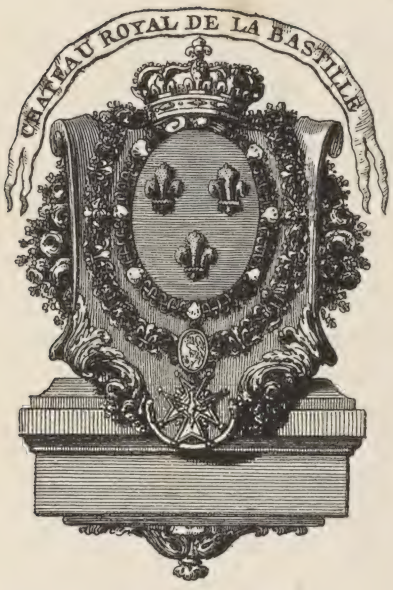
There is one other complaint often brought against this book, I understand, by critics usually regarded as intelligent, and with the mention of it I have done. "Mr. Hardy finds that marriage often leads to tragedy," they say, "but he shows us no way out of these difficulties; he does not tell us his own plans for the improvement of marriage and the promotion of morality." Let us try to consider this complaint with due solemnity. It is true that the artist is god in his own world; but being so he has too fine a sense of the etiquette of creation to presume to offer suggestions to the creator of the actual world, suggestions which might be resented, and would almost certainly not be adopted. An artist's private opinions concerning the things that are good and bad in the larger world are sufficiently implicit in the structure of his own smaller world; the counsel that he should make them explicit in a code of rules and regulations for humanity at large is a counsel which, as every artist knows, can only come from the Evil One. This complaint against "Jude the Obscure" could not have arisen save among a generation which has battened on moral and immoral tracts thrown into the form of fiction by ingenious novices. The only cure for it one can suggest is a course of great European novels from "Petit Jehan de Saintré" downwards. One suggestion indeed occurs for such consolation as it may yield. Has it not been left to our century to discover that the same hand which wrote the disordered philosophy of "Hamlet" put the times into joint again in "The New Atlantis," and may not posterity find Thomas Hardy's hand in "Looking Backward" and "The Strike of a Sex?" Thus for these critics of "Jude" there may yet be balm in Utopia.

HAVELOCK ELLIS.

Two Eighteenth-Century Book-Plates

1. The Book-Plate of The Bastille.

2. The Book-Plate of Marie Antoinette, by Ch. Eisen.


CHATEAU ROYAL DE LA BASTILLE

Bibliotheque
de Mr. la Dauphine
N°. 1.

A SOUL AT LETHE'S BRINK

ARE ye not overfond—
Ye who would carry memory to the shades,
Those blessed seats in the deep meads and glades?
For me—I have been bond
To griefs too many and to joys too fierce;
May neither with remembrance longer pierce!
Lead me, caducean wand,
Where the green turf with silent dew is wet:
There my burnt, throbbing temples will I steep;
I would forget.
So let me sink in the Great Deep of Sleep!

Why would ye beckon dreams?
To set the thorn where never grew the thorn!
To make sweet rest a mockery forlorn!
To give the gliding streams
Of that fair twilight country where ye go,
The moaning burden that too well ye know!
To feign the hot noon-beams
Strike the bowed head, where noon came never yet!
Far, far from me, the soothless dream-throng keep!
I would forget.
Oh, let me sink in the Great Deep of Sleep!

Ay, bid adieu to all;
Nor grieve that something sweetest stays behind.
Be deaf unto his cries, and be ye blind
To looks that would enthral;
For Love, most far of all the clamant throng
That held the fevered hands of Life so long,
Follows with haunting call.

Oh, most of all, to him the bound be set ;
Between us thrice the lustral waters creep !
I would forget.
Oh, let me sink in the Great Deep of Sleep.

But ye, why doubt to drink,
Ye spirits that from many a land and zone
Of the wide earth, with me were hither blown ?
Why stand ye at the brink,
A timorous band, who often have besought
That ye might cease from toils, from strife, from thought ;
Why, therefore, do ye shrink ?
Follow—and quaff with closèd eye, and let
The sight draw inward, while the shadows creep !
I would forget . . .
And now, I sink in the Great Deep of Sleep !

EDITH M. THOMAS.

THE LESSON OF MILLAIS

THE burial of Millais in St. Paul's should have been an honour done to a great painter, who died at the age of thirty-five, the painter of "The Eve of St. Agnes," of "Ophelia," of "The Vale of Rest;" it was but an honour done to a popular painter, the painter of "Bubbles," and other coloured supplements to Christmas numbers, who died at the age of sixty-seven. In the eulogies that have been justly given to the late President of the Royal Academy, I have looked in vain for this sentence, which should have had its place in them all: he did not make the "great refusal." Instead of this, I have seen only: he was so English, and so fond of salmon-fishing.

It is not too much to say that Millais began his career with a finer promise than any artist of his time. In sheer mastery of his brush he was greater than Rossetti, greater than Holman Hunt, greater than Watts, greater than anyone but Whistler. He had the prodigal energy of genius, and painted pictures because he was born to paint pictures. It was at his studio that the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood took form, and he was the most prominent member of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. He was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy at the age of twenty-four, a Royal Academician at the age of thirty-four. Up to then he had painted masterpiece after masterpiece, pictures in which there was temperament, intention, a noble interest. From that time to the time of his death he painted continuously, often brilliantly, whatever came before him, Mr. Gladstone or Cinderella, a bishop or a landscape. He painted them all with the same facility and the same lack of conviction; he painted whatever would bring him ready money and immediate fame; and he deliberately abandoned a career which, with labour, might have made him the greatest painter of his age, in order to become, with ease, the richest and the most popular.

Art, let it be remembered, must always be an aristocracy; it has been so, from the days when Michel Angelo dictated terms to Popes, to the days when Rossetti cloistered his canvases in contempt of the multitude and its prying unwisdom. The appeal of every great artist has been to the few; fame, when

it has come, has come by a sort of divine accident, in which the mob has done no more than add the plaudits of its irrelevant clamour to the select approval of the judges. Millais alone, since the days of that first enthusiasm in which he was a sort of fiery hand for the more slowly realizing brains of his companions in art, has made the democratic appeal. He chose his subjects in deference to the opinion of the middle classes; he painted the portraits of those who could afford to pay a great price. His pictures of pretty women and pretty children had the success, not of the technical skill which was always at his command, but of the obvious sentiment which makes them pretty. The merit of these interminable pictures varies; he was sometimes more careful, sometimes more careless. Mastery over the technicalities of painting he always possessed; but it had come to be the mastery of a hand which worked without emotion, without imagination, without intellectual passion; and without these qualities there can be no great art.

The newspapers, in their obituary notices, have assured us that in honouring Millais, we are honouring not merely the artist, but the man; "of the Englishmen who have been the sons of Art," said "The Times," "scarcely one has deserved more honour than Millais." My thoughts have turned, as I read these commendations of the good citizen, so English, so sporting, whose private virtues were so undeniably British, to a painter, also a man of genius, whose virtues were all given up to his art, and who is now living in a destitute and unhonoured obscurity. It has seemed to me that there, in that immaculate devotion to art, I find the true morality of the artist; while in the respectability of Millais I see nothing to honour, for its observance of the letter I take to have been a desecration of the spirit.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

William T. Horton.

THE EPITAPH

IN FORM OF A BALLADE

WHICH VILLON MADE FOR HIMSELF AND HIS COMPANIONS WHEN EXPECTING TO BE HANGED WITH THEM

BROTHERS who yet are living, mortal men,
Speak not of us with wrath and bitter tongue,
Since if your souls for us are filled with pain
The more will God's grace fall your hearts among.
You see us here upon the gibbets hung:
The flesh that we too much did glorify
Has long been putrid and devoured: and dry
As dust and ashes now our bleached bones be.
Let no man then our hideous shapes decry,
But pray that God may show us all mercy.

Brothers, speak not, we pray you, with disdain
Of us poor five or six by law upstrung.
It is not every man who has his brain
Clear and well-seated, as has oft been sung.
Make ye then intercession for our wrong
To him whose death from Hell our souls did buy,
Saving us from the flames that never die,
That fresh may flow the fount of His pity.
We are dead: let none to vex our spirits try,
But pray that God may show us all mercy.

Our bodies have been washed and drenched by rain,
Dried up and blackened by the sun; a throng
Of ravens and of crows our eyes have ta'en
And pluckt the brows and beards whereto they clung.

Never are we at rest, forever swung
By every wind that shifts and passes by,
Pecked by the sharp beaks of the crow and pye
And dinted like a thimble, as you see,
Have naught to say to them that with us vie,
But pray that God may show us all mercy.

Prince Jesus, Lord who reignest in the sky,
Grant that to Hell's fierce mouth we draw not nigh:
Toward such a place no love or wish have we.
Men, mock not us because we hang so high,
But pray that God may show us all mercy.

THEODORE WRATISLAW.

ELSA

I

THERE was a rosy hue all over the dinner-table, as two men sat patiently waiting; it cast its glow over the host's ruddy features, and made his fair hair, and good-natured smile, more noticeable by its warmth.

If his good-nature, and his perpetual smile, were sometimes a little monotonous, his wife (still in her dressing-room upstairs) never showed that she thought so. But the red glow from the curtained electric light had no power to change the pallor, or the look of ill-health, on the other man's face; he was freshly recovered from a long illness, and there were caverns in his cheeks, and black hollows under his dark eyes.

"Elsa is late," said Mr. Lander, "we won't wait. Bring the soup, Williams."

As the manservant obeyed, the guest looked down at his own thin long fingers.

"I feel like a ghost," he remarked.

"Glad to have you here again, my boy. I know you won't mind, though, if I run round to the club for half an hour after dinner." Mr. Lander laughed lightly. "Poker again, Leslie. I didn't know you were likely to drop in, or I shouldn't have promised to go. Elsa will look after you."

His guest glanced up.

"But perhaps, Mrs. Lander—— "

As he spoke, the door opened, and she came in. There was something in her manner, which was out of keeping with her face, and her smile was nervous.

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting,—— "

"We didn't wait," her husband interrupted, with a giggle.

"I hope you are better, Mr. James. You have had a very hard time lately."

He took her hand, which was limp and unresponsive, and dropped it.

"I am all right now," he answered briskly, "although I am conscious of looking a fearful wreck."

She glanced at him furtively, as she took her seat; and drew in her breath, so that her small full lips curled inwards for a second. Her hand, which was perfectly shaped, and laden with diamonds, touched the orchids in a vase near.

"Are you thinking of going away?" she asked.

"To recruit? Oh, no! I am too glad to begin the old life again, to wish to run away."

She lifted her eyes, till they fell on his thin fingers, and she said softly,—

"You look as if a change of air would do you good," and as suddenly veered round in argument, and added, "But unless your doctor thinks it needful, I should remain in town."

"Doctors always think it needful."

Mr. Lander laughed. "Awful rot, isn't it? What's the matter, Elsa?"

"My soup is cold."

"Your own fault. You were so beastly late."

She looked straight at him, with a leaden expression in her gray eyes.

"'Beastly,' is such an ugly word," she said.

He chuckled, well contented. "Elsa always quarrels with my language, when she can't deny my argument. Don't you, Elsa?"

She was intent on the gold fringe, on the sleeve of her tea-gown, and did not reply.

"What have you both been doing," the other man asked, "during my lost two months?"

"Oh, Elsa has been trotting about as usual. She is always very busy doing nothing. I only see her at dinner-time, and then she is usually tired or cross."

The woman smiled. "I am out of favour to-night," she said gently.

"Nonsense! Nonsense! I always speak the truth, you know I always speak the truth, but you don't like hearing it. That's all."

She sipped her wine. "A generous lie is sometimes refreshing," she remarked.

James broke in abruptly.

"I hope you have been well, anyhow, Mrs. Lander."

"Oh, yes, thank you."

"And the baby?"

"The child is quite well."

Her husband leant forward.

"Let's have him down, Elsa. Send for Mary."

"Oh, no, Bertie. He's asleep by this time."

He shook his head. "I know better, I'll go and see myself."

"I don't want him to come down, Bertie."

"Why the devil not?"

"It isn't good for him to get so excited, just before settling to sleep. Mr. James can see him another day."

"The truth is, Elsa, you don't want to bother with him yourself. But you will kindly allow *me* to care for the child, even if you are so beastly unnatural."

Their guest grew crimson for the first time, and he moistened his lips, which were dry and parched.

The woman made no answer, nor did she look round, as her husband left the room. Her bent head, with its soft auburn curls, was immovable.

The man watched her, with his teeth set.

She spoke, without lifting her eyes.

"It is a long time since we have seen you."

"Very long."

"You must have been very dull."

"I was dull."

"You heard that Aimée is going to be married."

"Yes, Bertie told me."

"I have known the man a long time."

"Is he a good sort?"

"He is smart, and well-mannered."

"That is scant praise from you."

"I can express no more."

"Your reserve is wonderful, Mrs. Lander."

"Reserve! Why, you can't complain of that, surely. I know no one so reserved as yourself,—no one."

"Not to the people I care for."

She winced, and he saw it with a kind of stupid wonder.

"Was I rude?" he asked.

"A little frank." She clasped her hands tightly together, and added, nervously hilarious, "Don't you feel delighted to be well again? Didn't you feel out of the world when you were ill, and in a land of dreams and phantoms? I always do."

"Yes." He spoke brusquely, as her husband entered with the child.

It was four years old, small and dark-eyed; for the moment it was fretful, and inclined to be capricious.

"Papa dressed me so badly," he announced.

Mrs. Lander said nothing. With a fact once accomplished, she rarely interfered.

"May I have some 'trawberries?" he lisped.

"Not so late at night," his mother answered.

"Papa will give me some."

"Of course, Dickie. Come over here and sit near papa."

"He hasn't spoken to me yet," James said. "Have you forgotten me, Dickie?"

"Yes."

"Quite?"

"Tite."

"But I am Uncle Leslie."

"You're not my real uncle, nurse said so. You're sham, like my silver watch."

His father interposed. "But he is papa's friend, his greatest friend, Dickie. We were at school and college together, and I am fond of Uncle Leslie. Can't you love a sham uncle, you little rogue, as well as a real one?"

"Yes. P'rhaps I can. More 'trawberries."

"No, that is enough. Would you like a sip of my port for a great treat?"

Elsa looked across the table, her under lip twitched.

"That will do, Bertie. The child can go now."

The boy did not move.

"Run away, Dickie, and ask nurse to put you to bed."

"Nonsense, Elsa. He can stay a little longer."

"Do you want to teach him to disobey me?" she asked.

"Rubbish!" he giggled. "Look at his stained fingers. Oh, you dirty little boy!"

Mrs. Lander rose and lifted the child off its chair. It screamed with rage and kicked violently, striking out with a deliberate attempt to hurt.

The red glow was again reflected in the guest's face, he half arose from his seat, and then refrained.

"You had better punish him, Lander," he said.

"Oh, no. He's all right. Let him alone, Elsa. Dickie, come and say

good-night to papa, and don't kick your mother. Do you hear? Come away from him, Elsa. What a fool you are."

She had lifted the struggling personification of ill-temper, and held it in a vice which it could not escape. Her little teeth, which were like pearls, were clenched; the burden was somewhat heavy, but she reached the door and carried it upstairs.

The moonlight streamed in at a staircase window, and lit up the face which was capable of so much devotion and passion, but was never intended for the duties of a mother. Her lips quivered, her eyes were dry. Once in the nursery, she put the child down on its bed and stood near.

"Hush!" she said. "We are tired of hideous screams."

The nurse looked on, awed and interested.

"Are you going to stop? Or shall I tell nurse to punish you?"

The sound ceased.

"Sit up and look at me."

She was reluctantly obeyed.

"What would you do if nurse kicked your cat?"

"Kill her."

"What ought I to do to you then, as you have kicked your mother?"

The child fidgetted.

"I have no time to waste on you, now, and I expect you will be feeling rather sick, as you have eaten far too many strawberries; if you are ill, don't send for me. I shall not see you all to-morrow, and little boys who kick can belong to papa if they like, but they don't belong to me."

She turned without another glance at the child, and left the room. On the way downstairs she stopped to wash her hands.

"He was very sticky," she thought; "and he has torn my tea-gown."

Neither of the men had spoken much since she had left, and when she entered, both glanced up, with a nervous curiosity as to what she would do.

She took her seat.

"Pass me the claret, Mr. James, and you can both smoke. I think I should like a cigarette also. There are some in that silver box. Bertie, look for the matches."

James leant forward. "Here is a light."

"Thank you." Her hand touched his, and he felt it was as cold as ice. "I have torn my tea-gown, which is tiresome," she remarked. "But I shall order another to-morrow, so it doesn't matter much."

"Another!" her husband cried.

"Why not?"

"How many more bills?"

"She smiled. "Your son is extravagant, he spares neither material nor flesh. I regret that you did not interfere, it would have spared your pocket, and my wrist." She held up her hand, and showed where a small boot heel had bruised and broken the skin.

Her guest lost his head.

"What a shame, Mrs. Lander!" he cried: "that must hurt you, he really ought to be well punished, the little brute; if he were a child of mine——"

"If he were a child of yours," she answered, "he would never have wounded me."

The remark slipped out. Once spoken, the scarlet colour leapt to her face, his eyes scorched her, and his lifted wineglass rattled against his teeth. The truth lay stripped of its prudery, bare and naked. Its nudity shocked them. Mr. Lander unconsciously held it up like a glass, for them to see the reflection of their souls therein.

"Well, I'm sure Leslie hasn't much to thank you for," he muttered. "You never went near him, after he was on the road to recovery. I begged you to do so a score of times, but you are so deuced modest and particular." He flung down his table-napkin and rose. "I'm off to the club," he added. "See you again later, Leslie."

Neither moved till the hall door closed, then James looked at her.

"Elsa!" he cried.

She faltered, "Yes."

He rose to shut the door. She turned, as a dog turns at its master's voice, and stood upright.

He came back swiftly, and caught her in his arms.

"I love you," he said.

She nodded, dumb.

He kissed the lips which could not speak.

For a short time, her feeling, and the strangeness of the clinging contact of his mouth, obliterated all else. She neither thought nor stirred; her whole form swayed to his slightest movement, her eyes blind, her senses lost, her soul throbbing to the tune of his passion. She turned faint, and drew back slowly.

Then he looked at her, and his look gave her the knowledge of what "had been."

She clung to him freshly, with a sudden shame, and an idea that he, who had invoked the feeling, should aid her to hide it. He held her closely, with the second, more protecting manner of a strong passion, and then in a husky voice, which was unlike his old voice, he spoke.

"Elsa, my darling, my darling," he said.

"But you must have guessed, you must have known long ago," she murmured. "I nearly died during your illness. Oh, Leslie, if you knew,—if you could know,—" She broke off; his lips closed hers.

"And I," he said at length, "have had two months waiting for this."

"But it taught me, Leslie. I didn't understand before."

They were silent again. She leant against him as if for support, overcome by a vague dread of a fuller explanation, which was sure to come.

She pleaded, as women can.

"Let us forget all else, Leslie. All but the one great happiness to-night. I am yours, every thought, every atom of my love, my devotion, is yours,—and you,—I know it at last,—love me. There is nothing else in the world. Just we two here, and together, and loving as we love. Leslie,—" She touched his face, so that he bent his head and looked at her again. "Let us forget all else." She might have added, "duty, honour, and the rest," but her woman's tact refrained. "Let us live in the present, just for to-night. Ah, now you are angry! You don't love me!"

"I don't love you! God help me! Elsa! Elsa!"

There was silence again, and then in the hall a man's step.

She grew nervous and guilty. "We must go upstairs," she said; "the servants will want to clear the table." She drew away; he followed her silently.

Once in the drawing-room he closed the door, and followed her to the sofa. She made him kneel, and wound her arms round his neck.

"I—I don't know myself," she murmured. "Do you know me, Leslie?"

"Yes, at last."

"You have dreamed of me like this?"

"Not like this. Not half so sweet, not half what you are. Oh, Elsa, you are driving me mad!"

She smiled indulgently, and hid, half timidly, her own madness. She held him, as a woman hugs her own danger, with a queer pathetic kind of reasoning, that it is a protection against herself. And he held her, as a man holds a woman who belongs to him by right of her heart, her brain, and all her senses; a right which is all powerful, and, like a flood which sweeps away

the boundaries of a mighty river, is strong enough to break, and wash away, all the marriage ties in the world.

* * * * * *

When Mr. Lander came home, his guest had been gone three hours. Elsa sat in the drawing-room still.

She forgot to say, "You are late," she only looked up and smiled.

He had gambled and won, and was flushed : a better and a more lenient mood had set in with his success.

"Well, old girl! Still up?" he said.

"Yes," she answered.

He went near her, and put his hand on her shoulder. "I was damned cross," he cried.

It came too late. She was inclined to be forgiving, because she was happy, not because her feelings were touched.

"That's all right," she said. "I am going to bed, now."

"How's the poor wrist?" He flushed as he spoke, as if with shame.

"Oh! it's nothing. You will want a whiskey and soda, you had better go down and get it. I am too tired to come with you, good-night."

"Good-night, old girl."

II

The next day was a warm June Sunday, and Mrs. Lander expected Mr. James to call. A Sunday is a dreary day to wait for anyone, the traffic is less ; her pulse throbbed to the sound of the wheels of every hansom which turned the corner of the street, while her cheek paled, and her heart sank, when it rattled past, and away, into the distance. When a cab did stop in front of the house, she sat immovable, with a nervous dread that the door might open to admit some other visitor ; and each time, during all the long tedious hours of the afternoon, her terror was realized.

The child, who had been banished, crept down unheeded, till it broke a valuable china vase, and Mr. Lander swore at his wife for not looking after it better. In the evening, her father-in-law and his wife came to dinner, which they partook of with a Sunday solemnity, not a soothing remedy for over-strained nerves. They impressed Elsa with the fact that she was a lucky woman to have married Bertie, and that Bertie's child was the finest in the world. By the end of the evening, her cheeks each bore a bright pink spot, and her lips smiled bitterly. Before she slept, she agreed that if her mirror reflected truly, it was just as well that Leslie had not come.

"There is always to-morrow," she thought, and, after a sleepless night, to-morrow came.

She rode in the morning, and looked for him in the park; the afternoon saw her sitting by the drawing-room window, waiting timidly, with a patience which was new. She went over in her mind his every action, his every word. She recalled his smile, till she was happy, and his kisses, till she blushed.

Then Bertie came home.

They dined out, and she again found sleep almost impossible. On Tuesday morning she took the child for a walk, till its chatter drove her mad. By the afternoon she was frightened and desperate, and she wrote to Leslie. Her letter was formal and brief, and merely asked when he was coming to see her again. She sent her maid round to his rooms, with an order to wait for an answer. After an hour the girl returned. There had been no reply. Elsa went upstairs and dressed for dinner, numb with pain. That evening at a theatre she flirted with a fair boy, who thought her the most beautiful woman in the world, and she talked more than she had ever talked before. But neither the evening, nor the excitement, caused her to forget for one minute.

On Wednesday Bertie remarked that she was "beastly pale." She answered that she hadn't slept well, and mentally resolved to have an old prescription made up, which contained chloral. She went for a ride, but could hardly sit her horse. After lunch she drove down the street where Leslie lived, and passed his club, with the faint hope of meeting him. That night she slept.

The next day she hoped no more, she settled into a kind of fixed despair. There was a maid who wanted to leave, and some bills to pay, and Dickie needed some new nightgowns, and a fresh pair of boots. Bertie told her to visit his married sister, and she could no longer make any excuse to herself for spending the whole of the afternoon indoors. She was afraid to ask the man when she returned if any one had called; she had inquired each morning, so absurdly often.

That evening at dinner the butler approached: "I beg your pardon, Mum," he said, "but I forgot to tell you that Mr. James called to-day. He said he was sorry to miss you, and would take his chance of finding you at home to-morrow afternoon."

She was dumb, and her throat was dry.

"I want you to come to a cricket match with me to-morrow," her husband remarked. "Send old Leslie a line to-night to put him off."

"I hate cricket," she muttered. "There is no game so dull, and no sun so hot, as when I go to a cricket match."

"Oh, nonsense! I want you to come. You'll like it when you get there."

"I can't go. I don't feel well enough."

"You aren't looking your best. But you may be all right to-morrow. I'll put Leslie off anyhow, he had far better come and dine some evening next week, when I shall be at home too. Do you see?"

With a terror, born of her longing to see him, she did as Bertie desired, and she went to the match.

The chloral gave her rest at night, by day she had none. Saturday was wet, and Bertie went to the club. She put on a peignoir when the afternoon came, and was careless of the fact that the drug and the misery had painted her eyes round with black.

A lady came to call, who asked to see Dickie, and gushed over him; he was stuffed with cake, and became sticky and obnoxious. His mother was conscious that the noise was deafening, and that he was naughtier than usual, when amid the din and the visitor's amused laughter a man was announced.

Elsa rose, she went to meet him, and gave him her hand, but she never knew what he said to her, or what she answered. In a dream she regained her seat, and became aware that he was taking Dickie by the shoulders, and turning him out of the room.

"Mamma! Mamma!" shrieked the child, "I hate Uncle Leslie, I hate him, do tell him to let me alone."

The appeal to her, touched her sense of humour, and she began to laugh. Her friend looked shocked, but that mattered so little after all; she laughed as a woman laughs, when she is dazed for the want of the relief of tears.

Outside the door, a small voice was heard plaintively hoping, "that God would kill Uncle Leslie, and put him in a nasty black box." Inside, Leslie was calmly taking a seat, and telling the astonished lady that "His good friend, Lander, was too lenient with the boy."

For half an hour she lingered, and casual topics were discussed. Elsa's haggard face grew flushed, with a feverish longing to get rid of her visitor. When she did at last take leave, and Leslie had walked down to the hall with her, Elsa rose as he entered, and (with an action recalling a scene of the week before) he closed the door.

"Why didn't you come to see me?" She asked.

"I am here to tell you."

She bit her lips, his voice was calm, although his eyes were troubled.

"Well," she said, "begin."

"Won't you sit down?"

She laid one hand on the mantelpiece to steady herself, and shook her head.

"I am going away, Mrs. Lander."

"Going away?"

"Yes, running away from danger."

Her lids drooped, and into her face crept a faint look of contempt.

"Then, you don't love me," she said, and pride, which is a weapon which wounds both the owner and the onlooker, came to stab her into composure. "You don't love me, and the other night was an acted lie."

He had had a week in which to rehearse the scene, and he had marvellous natural self-control, such as the world never teaches.

"No, not a lie. I do love you. But I can't stay to rob my best friend. I can't creep like a coward into his house, to steal his wife's affection. My love has not killed my sense of honour."

"Honour! The usual argument of men, when they want to silence a woman. Honour! Isn't love stronger than honour? We women often sacrifice honour for you men, and never reproach you with it—but,"—she broke off with a little laugh, "I can't fight the point. You want to go."

"I must go."

"I understand. You dreamed of me, and idealized me when you were ill, I was a pleasant remembrance in the long hours of convalescence;—but now that you are well, you are a man again, and think it more manly to keep your loyalty to your friend clean, even at the cost of sacrificing me."

"I cannot sacrifice Bertie. We have been like brothers."

She moved a step towards him.

"Why don't you look at me?"

"Because I am ashamed."

"Oh, Leslie!" Her voice broke.

"Child," his own vibrated strangely, "Don't torture me. Help me to do what is right."

"Why didn't you come. Why did you wait so long?" she asked.

"Because I was afraid of seeing you. I was a coward."

"Oh!" The cry was rapturous. "Then you do love me?"

He strode towards her, and then stopped short. "I love you. I love you so much, that I dare not even touch you. Good God! can't you help me to be a man, don't make a blackguard of me."

"Oh, Leslie!" And the sweetness, and the simplicity of her manner, as she said it, thrilled him from head to foot. "If only you would touch me—only my hand."

He recoiled at last.

"Oh! I know, I understand. I should not have said that, but I can't pretend. My heart aches so."

There was a pause, he fancied she was crying, but she lifted her face after a time, and he was mistaken.

"A woman," she continued gently, "never likes a man to say all those good things, which she ought to have thought of, and said herself. I am a bad woman, I suppose, but I wasn't bad before, at least, I hope not. Life isn't very easy for any of us, is it, Leslie? And we are apt to be children, and try to snatch at the nice things out of reach." She paused again. "I quite see that,—as you have said it,—you must go. Have you settled when?"

"To-morrow. I leave for Paris first."

"Why not to-night? A week ago—we were so happy. Why not allow me to imagine you on the sea, when the time comes round again; where I cannot touch you, or see you, or even hear you speak?"

"As you please. I am behaving very badly to you."

"To me! So you think so." She smiled slightly. "If you really thought so, you would have acted differently. Well, it doesn't matter. I am learning that so little matters after all."

He waited; and then something in her raised eyes, and piteous mouth recalled, not the pale Elsa before him, but the Elsa of a week ago, a warm living creature, responsive to his kisses.

"Elsa, how can I leave you? I—I am half mad. Let me kiss you once,—only once again."

She leant forward, he bent his head, his breath touched her cheek,—then the door creaked. They drew apart, the kiss unborn, as Bertie entered.

"You here, Leslie! That's right. Off to Paris for a few days, aren't you? Stay and dine? Won't you? Then come and have a smoke in my den. I want to talk to you."

His listeners moved forward.

"Good-bye, Mrs. Lander."

"Good-bye, Mr. James."

Their hands touched, he turned and went out. She stood listening to his retreating footsteps, and the future became a long cold path of pain and monotony, ready for her to tread alone.

By the Author of "A Mere Man."

THE THREE WITCHES

LL the moon-shed nights are over,
And the days of gray and dun,
There is neither may nor clover,
And the day and night are one.

Not a hamlet, not a city,
Meets our strained and tearless eyes,
In the plain without a pity,
Where the wan grass droops and dies.

We shall wander through the meaning
Of a day and see no light,
For our lichened arms are leaning
On the ends of endless night.

We the children of Astarte,
Dear abortions of the Moon,
In a gay and silent party
We are riding to you soon:

Burning ramparts, ever burning!
To the flame which never dies,
We are yearning, yearning, yearning,
With our gay and tearless eyes;

In the plain without a pity
(Not a hamlet, not a city)
Where the wan grass droops and dies.

Ernest Dowson.

SOME NOTES ON THE STAINED GLASS WINDOWS AND DECORATIVE PAINTINGS OF THE CHURCH OF ST. MARTIN'S-ON-THE-HILL, SCARBOROUGH

THE Church of St. Martin's-on-the-Hill, Scarborough, built by a clever architect, and forming, by its stained glass windows and the decorative paintings which it contains, a sort of decorative museum of pre-Raphaelite art, is but little known; as may be seen from the almost[1] complete lack of any descriptions or reproductions of the works of art which it contains. If we remember that this church, remarkable in itself, contains also stained glass windows and decorative paintings by Rossetti, Burne Jones, Ford Madox Brown, William Morris and Webb, we shall wonder that no artistic English magazine has yet given it any attention, and some interest may therefore be found in these notes, which are a kind of abridged catalogue of the works of art decorating St. Martin's.

Well situated in the new part of the picturesque town of Scarborough, the church was built from the plans of Mr. Bodley, A.R.A., in 1863, and the necessary funds for its construction were subscribed by a local committee, at the head of which was Miss Mary Craven, who appears to be the principal benefactress of the church. Of early Gothic style as a whole, built of Whitby stone, the Church of St. Martin's is composed of an aisled nave, rather short chancel, north-west tower, and large choir vestry. It is, above all, the interior of the church which pleases, affording, by its simple and harmonious

[1] There is, indeed, a pamphlet by the Rev. Newton Mant, but, interesting as it is, it is written more from a parochial than from an artistic point of view; only one chapter is devoted to the church, and that chapter contains numerous errors. The only reproductions which have appeared are two remarkable woodcuts, executed after the cartoons of the stained window by Rossetti, the subject of which is the Parable of the Vineyard. These reproductions figured in one of the first volumes of the "Hobby Horse."

lines and proportions, an impression of happy peace. The red tiles agreeably replace the stone flags usually seen ; and the unpleasant severity of the hideous wooden benches, which disfigure many of the Gothic cathedrals in England, has been replaced by chairs which fill the church without interfering with the development of its lines. The church is well-lighted, and when a ray of sunshine glances throngh one of the painted windows, it becomes animated with life, the whiteness of the stone takes a warmer glow, the stained glass enshrined in the Gothic windows becomes resplendent, and the reflection of its bright but velvety colouring flickers on walls and columns, and clothes in rainbow lines the pure whiteness of the Whitby stone.

Besides an elegant choir-screen and a brass lectern, both designed by the architects of the church, Messrs. Bodley and Garner, and a very rich organ, the panels of which are decorated with graceful figures of angels by Mr. Spencer Stanhope, the church of St. Martin's possesses a small pulpit in wood. This pulpit, built against the choir screen, is charming and simple ; it has three sides, each side being divided into distinct panels, superposed. The two panels to the left were painted by Rossetti, and represent the Annunciation. The original imagination of the painter of the "Beata Beatrix" and of "Dante's Dream" is revealed by the poetical conception and arrangement of the subject, into which he had already found means of infusing fresh life and youthfulness in his "Ecce Ancilla Domini" of the National Gallery. This picture, one of Rossetti's most charming pictures, does not in fact resemble any previous Annunciation. The Angel has no wings, the Virgin has not her arms crossed on her bosom, the body humbly bent forward, as is usually depicted, and yet there is no need of the inscription to assure us that it is the Annunciation which the picture represents, but an Annunciation conceived after a manner entirely new and thoroughly characteristic of the temperament of Rossetti. He was not content, however, with giving simply one new arrangement of a subject celebrated by all the great Italian painters, he gives us yet another in these two panels of the pulpit of Scarborough, here reproduced. It must be admitted that this rendering more closely resembles the traditional rendering of the subject; but it was not possible for Rossetti to depict even a traditional subject without giving at least some detail entirely characteristic of his personality, and this we see in these panels. They show, as will be seen, a high trellised hedge, set with red roses and shining lilies ; at the foot of the hedge the Virgin is seated, a book of prayers on her knees, and the angel appears above her, his brown wings still half open, leaning upon the flowery trellis-work ; he speaks to her, and bends towards her the tallest of the open lilies. She hears, rather

than sees him, for she does not dare raise her eyes to him ; but with eyes lost in an ecstasy, with hands outspread, she seems to say *Fiat mihi secundum verbum tuum.*

This attitude of the Virgin is natural and charming, but what enchants me most in the composition of these panels is the exquisite gesture of the Angel bending towards the Virgin the tallest of the lilies. This gesture, so full of poetic meaning, is thoroughly new, and belongs to Rossetti. Never, before him, has the supreme purity of the Virgin been indicated by anything so admirable, as this choice of the tall flowering lily.

It is therefore the composition I like above all, in these two panels of the Annunciation, but their colouring also is remarkable ; the flowering hedge seems to embalm the air, so fresh does it appear, the brown wings of the Angel spread soft and velvety against the golden sky, the Virgin's dress is grey, her mantle blue, and the hair of both Virgin and Angel is red, of that rich and magnificent red that Rossetti alone has been able to render after the great Venetian masters.

Although less beautiful than those of Rossetti, the paintings which decorate the other sides of the pulpit are none the less worthy of praise. They were painted by Mr. Campfield after the designs of the late Ford Madox Brown, and of Mr. William Morris, and they represent, on the side opposite the Annunciation, decorative subjects of birds and lilies, and on the principal side, in superposed panels, the Doctors of the Church and the Four Evangelists. The Evangelists, and especially the St. John, are remarkable ; these eight panels are of a warm and rich colouring ; they complete harmoniously the decoration of the pulpit, and contribute to make it one of the most precious ornaments of the church.

But if I admire the pulpit, and above all the delightful Annunciation which decorates it, I admire even more the splendid stained glass windows, which Rossetti designed for the East and West of St. Martin's. It is these windows, and those of Ford Madox Brown, Burne Jones, and Morris, which constitute the principal wealth of the church. It is impossible to forget either their characteristic design or their magnificent and brilliant colouring. Taking them as a whole they constitute one of the best examples of this renaissance of an art which appeared to have been lost since the sixteenth century, and which Madox Brown and Rossetti first, Burne Jones and Morris afterwards, have been able to animate with fresh life, and to render one of the most brilliant and flourishing decorative arts in England. Before examining them in detail I should like to reproduce here a few lines which Madox Brown wrote

in 1865, in the very interesting catalogue of his work entitled, "Cartoons for Stained Glass." These few lines contain the general rules followed by the pre-Raphaelite painters in the design and execution of their stained glass windows, and as the catalogue of the Exhibition of 1865 has become very rare, these lines will perhaps prove interesting. Madox Brown speaks there of the series of cartoons for stained glass, the subject of which was "The Life and Death of St. Oswald," which are now to be seen in the South Kensington Museum. And this is what he says:

"The following nineteen cartoons have been executed for the firm of Messrs. Morris, Marshall, Faulkner and Co., for stained glass. With its heavy lead lines surrounding every part (and no stained glass can be rational and good art without strong lead lines), stained glass does not admit of refined drawing; or else it is thrown away upon it. What it does admit of, and what above all things it imperatively requires, is fine colour: and what it can admit of, and does very much require also, is invention, expression, and good dramatic action. For this reason work by the greatest historical artists is not thrown away upon stained glass windows, because though high finish of execution is superfluous, and against the spirit of this beautiful decorative art, yet, as expression and action can be conveyed in a few strokes equally as in the most elaborate art, on this side therefore stained glass rises to the epic height. So in medals, it is well known grandeur of style arises out of the very minuteness of the work, which admits of that and little else. The cartoons of this firm are never coloured, that task devolving on Mr. Morris, the manager, who makes his colour (by selecting the glass) out of the very manufacture of the article. The revival of the mediæval art of stained glass dates back now some twenty years in the earliest established firms; nevertheless, with the public it is still little understood; a general impression prevails that bright colouring is the one thing desirable, along with the notion that the brightest colours are the most costly. In an age that has become disused to colour, the irritation produced on the retina by the discordance of bright colour, is taken as an evidence of the so coveted brightness itself. The result of this is, that the manufacturers, goaded on by their clients, and the 'fatal facility' of the material (for all coloured glass is bright) produce too frequently kaleidoscopic effects of the most painful description."

These effects, which Madox Brown had reason to fight against, and which it may not be useless to mention here that they may be definitely abolished, are not, happily, those which he has produced in the two windows at Scarborough, the subjects of which are taken from the legend of the life of St.

Martin, but rather the three qualities he recommends as a principle, "invention, expression, and good dramatic action." All these are to be found, with the somewhat strange and humorous characterization which Ford Madox Brown put into all his designs. The first window represents the episode of the "Golden Legend," in which St. Martin cuts his cloak in two, to give half to the beggar. Half turning on his horse, bearded, helmeted, and covered with a coat of mail, the Saint is here still only the brave and courageous soldier of the Emperors Constantine and Julian; the cloak which he cuts with his sword is brilliant and magnificent, strewn with rings and stars of gold, and forms a violent contrast to the poverty of the lame beggar, nearly naked, as the legend says, who, leaning on his crutches, stupefied but delighted, looks at the Saint who is despoiling himself; in the background, a uniform blue sky, green pines clearly defined, and two soldiers talking, who appear to be ridiculing the foolish pity of the good Saint. The neighbouring window is not less attractively composed. Kneeling in a green field studded with flowers, the Saint, who wears on one shoulder the half of his glorious mantle, sees appearing above him the Saviour, seated on a rainbow, and surrounded by angels, holding spread out in front of him the other half of the cloak with which the Saint had unconsciously clothed him. Of a firm and energetic design, full of character and spirit, these two windows, charming by the unexpected but artistic strangeness of their composition, as much as by their good colouring, leave only one regret, that of not seeing other more important windows by Madox Brown in the same church.

The interest of the notes by Madox Brown brought me quite naturally to search, and find, in this window, the qualities which he considered as being essential to good stained glass. I ought, instead of beginning with him, and with this detailed examination of the windows of St. Martin, to have first indicated the position of the different windows in the church, giving a general idea as to their arrangement. Here, then, is how they are placed, following exactly the order in which they occur. West end of St. Martin's: two Gothic windows, Adam and Eve, by Rossetti, and above them in a rose window surrounded by nine smaller ones, "The "Annunciation" and "Angels playing Musical Instruments," by Burne-Jones. North side aisle: stained glass windows by Campfield and Marshall, representing "Characters of the Old Testament." Choir: in a Gothic window of three compartments, above the altar, "The Parable of the Vineyard;" in the centre "The Crucifixion" by Rossetti; in the four circular side windows "The Emblems of the Evangelists," by Aston Webb. South side aisle: four windows representing "Saints of the New

Testament and of the Catholic Church" by Campfield and Marshall, "Saint Dorothy" by Burne Jones, and "Saint Martin" by Ford Madox Brown.

The two west stained glass windows, by Rossetti, representing Adam and Eve, are in my opinion the most beautiful and impressive windows in the church. An intense life animates them, the thought of this first existence, happy, free, without care, or possible remorse, has made Rossetti depict these two bodies radiant with strength and health. Unlike the beings consumed with love and passion who dwelt habitually in his thoughts, these are consumed and tormented by no passion, they are content to live ; and the power with which this life, free from care, is rendered, is almost disconcerting. One is struck by the ingenious arrangement of the branches and leaves by which Rossetti veils the nudity of the bodies of Adam and Eve, for the rosy colours of the flesh look brighter in the violent contrast of the large leaves of a sombre green, and again by contrast with the uniform blue of the sky seen behind them ; and these ingenious contrasts give to these two nude bodies a vividness of life which is rendered by no other stained glass window which I have ever seen. These two resplendent bodies of Adam and Eve animate the church, and seem to give it some of their own life. The composition is no less original and new in its details than in the beauty of its colouring. Adam is depicted standing, picturesquely leaning on a branch of a tree with large sombre leaves, a fig-tree I think ; with the tip of his foot he amuses himself by tickling a small bear curled up at his feet, the blue sky is seen behind him, and sunflowers, flowering at the end of their long stems, expand at his right hand ; in the branches of the tree above him a curious and familiar squirrel watches him. Standing also, Eve has stopped in the middle of a field richly studded with small flowers and red tulips ; of the same fairness as the hair and beard of Adam, her unbound hair falls in an opulent stream over her shoulders. In her arms she holds, tenderly pressed to her bosom, a white dove, and in the sombre tree above, his eyes fixed and shining, an owl surveys her. The predominant colours of this admirable window are, flesh colour, dark green, and light gold. Above the windows of Adam and Eve "The Annunciation" of Burne Jones, which decorates the large rose window, and the "Angels playing Musical Instruments" of the nine smaller roses which surround it, form with the windows of Rossetti a remarkable and charming contrast. In the subject he here depicts, Burne Jones has adopted the conventional manner, dear to Fillippo Lippi and to the painters of his school. The Virgin is kneeling in the middle of a diapered field, which is surrounded by a well-cut hedge, bedecked with roses ; the Angel has just alighted, and,

surprised and enraptured, in a delicious gesture of astonishment, the Virgin joins her hands, hardly able to believe the "good tidings." That which makes the charm of this window, and of the nine others surrounding it, is the virginal grace and the exquisite purity of its conception, and of its design and colour. White, azure blue, and ruby are the colours principally and almost exclusively used; they blend admirably with the white stone walls, and indeed it seems impossible to find anything more fitted to harmonize in the decoration of churches than the white Whitby stone, and the graceful and spiritual figures of Burne Jones and Morris. The windows of Adam and Eve give an impression of life, strength, and luxuriant health, those of the Annunciation and the Angels an impression of grace and purity.

The first impression given by the window of the "Parable of the Vineyard," which lights the choir, is an impression of colour, dazzling and magnificent, velvety and harmonious, resembling the Flemish stained glass windows decorating the Gothic cathedrals. From the point of view of stained glass, this is the one I consider to be the most perfect. It has all the qualities which we have seen were considered essential by Madox Brown, the "beauty of colour, inventive expression and good dramatic action," and all these qualities are united in a high degree of perfection. In fact, when we approach this window and examine it in detail, we perceive that it is no less remarkable for its ingenious and original composition than for the sensation of opulent colour which it at first gave us. This astonishing Rossetti was made to succeed, and to show himself an accomplished master in everything which he undertook. He appears here to have found the secret of composition of the old Gothic masters, and the arrangement of his subjects is as clever and complicated, the drawing as powerful and precise, as characteristic and appropriate to stained glass as that of his great predecessors. For those who look at the great stained window of the choir of St. Martin's, one subject stands out before all the others, "The Crucifixion," which occupies the centre of the window, and which Rossetti has intentionally made larger and more apparent than the subjects of the Parable of the Vineyard, because it resumes them, and also because it is the one which ought the most vividly to impress the faithful. But little by little around the central figure the different episodes of the parable stand out in the gorgeous colours with which they are clothed, and we find that conception and arrangement of the figures peculiar to Rossetti, as the different scenes of the parable succeed one another in the seven compartments of the window. There is first the planting of the vine, then the letting it out to husbandmen, then the stoning of the servants sent to receive the

first fruits, the feast of the vintage, with its delightful figure of the young woman in a white dress dancing in the midst of the husbandmen, and again the arrival of the heir, young and unarmed, in their midst, while they are already plotting against his life, and then their judgment and condemnation by the master, weary of their ingratitude. Magnificent and striking in itself, the parable of St. Matthew could not be embellished, but it could be presented under a plastic form which, while bringing out certain details, would engrave it more profoundly on the memory; and it is this which has been done by Rossetti. Sumptuous in colour, ingenious in composition, the window of the Parable appears to be of a design more entirely and peculiarly Rossetti's than that of Adam and Eve, of which certain details seem to show the influence of Madox Brown; this statement, of which the only object is to be exact, takes, however, absolutely nothing from my admiration of the stained glass window of Adam and Eve. Rossetti, who, as is well known, was during some time the pupil of Madox Brown, was occasionally influenced by the painter of the frescoes of the Town Hall at Manchester. He on his side underwent, without suspecting it, the influence of the painter poet, who was more his friend than his pupil. This mutual influence can only be for good when brought to bear upon minds so richly endowed as were those of Madox Brown and Rossetti, and the works of both are there to testify to the fact. Perfect from every point of view, this interpretation of the Parable of the Vineyard by Rossetti does not alone embellish the choir of St. Martin's. Four circular windows adorned with stained glass by Aston Webb decorate the side walls. The subjects represented are "The Emblems of the Four Evangelists," and by the vigour of their drawing, as well as by the beauty of their colour, they are worthy of being mentioned at the same time as those of Madox Brown, Burne Jones, and Morris. In indicating the positions of the windows in the church, I have pointed out in the windows of the side aisles those of Madox Brown, Burne Jones, Campfield, and Marshall, and have described the St. Martin of Madox Brown. The windows of Campfield and Marshall, visibly inspired by the works of Burne Jones and Rossetti, are not unpleasant, but are only really valuable for the character of *ensemble* which they help to give to the decoration of the church.

There remains, therefore, now only the window attributed to Burne Jones. It represents "St. Dorothy" and "St. Theophilus" separated by an angel carrying in a basket the "three apples," as the "Golden Legend" describes it. We find this window mentioned by Mr. Malcolm Bell in the very complete catalogues he has drawn up of the works of Burne Jones. It is there

stated to have been done in 1873, and the catalogue also mentions an Aaron, Daniel, and Stephen, which is found in the north side aisle of St. Martin's. For my part I do not consider that an exaggerated importance ought to be attached to these windows simply from the fact that they are ascribed to Burne-Jones. I do not believe that they were done by him exclusively, as was, for example, the "Annunciation," but, most probably, drawings of his were enlarged by Mr. Campfield for the windows at Scarborough, and in copying them, though he has not taken away all their grace and artistic character, he has nevertheless lost much. This is why, although acknowledging their graceful and decorative character, I cannot place them in the same rank as the others I have mentioned. To terminate this rapid examination of the stained glass windows of St. Martin's, I wish to notice, from among the row of south windows above the door of entrance, one representing St. John the Baptist, designed and carried out by Mr. William Morris. It is, above all, remarkable for the richness of its colour, and in this connection I think it well to call to mind that the windows of Madox Brown, Rossetti, Webb, and Burne-Jones, of which I have spoken, were all carried out by Mr. Morris, who, at the great exhibition of 1862, gained a medal for the execution of the "Parable of the Vineyard."[1]

It will be seen that the artistic interest of the church of St. Martin's consists in this, that it constitutes, not merely a handsome church, but a sort of pre-Raphaelite museum. And the collection of stained glass windows which it possesses is especially precious, for when, in a few years, a real pre-Raphaelite museum is originated at the National Gallery, when there will be (as there is now a Turner room) a Rossetti room, and in the adjoining rooms are collected the finest pictures of Ford Madox Brown, Watts, Holman Hunt,

[1] In his pamphlet on St. Martin's the Rev. Newton Mant mentions some paintings which are harmless and insignificant in themselves, and of which I should not speak were it not that he attributes them by mistake to Burne Jones and Morris. Too many indifferent works will probably be generously attributed to these painters in the future for me to think it unnecessary to lighten their reputation at least of these works with which they have no connection. Neither Burne Jones nor William Morris has ever worked at Scarborough; they could not therefore have painted either the Adoration of the Magi or the Angels which decorate the walls above the altar, and which Mr. Mant ascribes to them. This decoration was painted originally by Mr. Campfield, a decorative painter from the firm of Mr. Morris. That Mr. Campfield used at this period drawings by Burne Jones from which to paint in distemper is possible, but in any case the original decoration fell into a ruinous state, and in 1889 this part of the church was entirely repainted by a Mr. Farren, a painter of Scarborough, assisted by his sons and daughters. Let it here be fully understood that these paintings of the East end have nothing to do with Sir Edward Burne Jones or Mr. Morris.

and Burne Jones; if it is acknowledged, then, that these artists have formed the most remarkable school of painting of this century, it will be regretted at the same time that we are unable to see represented in a museum certain productions connected with the branches of art which this school has rendered particularly flourishing. After their pictures, it is in stained glass windows that the pre-Raphaelite painters have best succeeded. Rossetti, Madox Brown, Burne Jones, and Morris have renewed and revived the art which appeared for a long time to be lost. When, later on, their works become classic, and are studied, it will be in the churches that we shall need to seek them. Then churches like St. Martin's will be of a special interest on account of the *ensemble* of works which it contains. However, if, as I have shown, this collection of works at St. Martin's is remarkable, it is not, from a pre-Raphaelite point of view, either complete or perfect; the two rows of clerestory windows, with the exception of one by Mr. Morris, have nothing in common with this school, nor, as we have seen, have the decorative paintings of the choir benches; while no work represents at St. Martin's three important members of the pre-Raphaelite school, Watts, Millais, and Hunt. It is true that I am unaware if they have done painted windows, but if it was desired, as I should imagine, to represent a pre-Raphaelite *ensemble*, they might have been asked to paint, in default of stained windows, votive pictures or decorative paintings. In thinking what might have been the church of Scarborough if these faults and failings which I point out had been avoided, I thought, while writing these lines, that it might still be possible to build a church and to render it unique in artistic interest by decorating it with a collection, complete this time, of pre-Raphaelite pictures and stained glass windows; and surely this idea which comes to me of a pre-Raphaelite church is not, when one thinks of it, either fantastical or impossible to realize. There is in England a man whom all artists reverence for the splendid architectural work he has done. Admirer and friend of Rossetti, intimately acquainted with all the artists of the pre-Raphaelite school, Mr. Philip Webb seems the one designated to construct such a church, which, while being all that is required for public worship, would yet present under the most favourable light the stained glass windows and the religious paintings of the pre-Raphaelite school. The windows of Rossetti which can be admired at Scarborough, and which could be reproduced in this ideal church, are not the only ones he designed; there is, notably, the magnificent series of cartoons illustrating the Legend of St. George, which is possessed by Mr. Fairfax Murray, and which is one of the most finished works of Rossetti in this style of decorative painting. By Ford Madox Brown there

is the characteristic series of cartoons illustrating the life and death of St. Oswald, which is now exhibited in the collection of water-colours and drawings at the South Kensington Museum. Burne Jones and Morris have done (a tremendous thing when one thinks of the enormous work they have produced in other branches of art!) more than five hundred stained glass windows; there is, therefore, in that which concerns them, but *l'embarras du choix*, and this difficulty even need not exist, for it is well known that Burne Jones and Morris consider as their best work in glass the "Adoration of the Shepherds" and "The Crucifixion," which decorate the church of St. Philip at Birmingham. To the names of Rossetti, Madox Brown, Burne Jones, and Morris, I would add the less known name of Mr. Selwyn Image, who, by the poetic and religious character of his stained glass windows, and notably those which he has designed for the church of St. Luke's at Camberwell, has revealed himself in this style of art a master as accomplished as any of his predecessors; and the interest of such a church would be complete, and as I previously said, unique, if to these windows were added decorative and votive paintings by Rossetti, Madox Brown, Watts, Millais, Holman Hunt, and Burne Jones.

Why should this project be but the dream of an enthusiastic poet? It is not money that is wanting in England; I have proved that it is not the materials, nor yet the men; it is then nothing but the goodwill which is required, and as this goodwill would have for object the raising of a useful and durable monument, witnessing to the height to which English art has risen in this century, I do not despair of seeing this idea one day realized by some generous men justly proud of an art which has so magnificently flourished in their country.

OLIVIER GEORGES DESTRÉE.

A CAUSERIE

FROM A CASTLE IN IRELAND

IN the mysterious castle, lost among trees that start up suddenly around it, out of a land of green meadows and gray stones, where I have been so delightfully living through the difficult month of August, London, and the currencies of literature, and the duties of an editor, seem scarcely appreciable; too far away on the other side of this mountainous land inclosing one within the circle of its own magic. It is a castle of dreams, where, in the morning, I climb the winding staircase in the tower, creep through the secret passage, and find myself in the vast deserted room above the chapel, which is my retiring-room for meditation; or, following the winding staircase, come out on the battlements, where I can look widely across Galway, to the hills. In the evening my host plays Vittoria and Palestrina on the organ, in the half darkness of the hall, and I wander between the pillars of black marble, hearing the many voices rising into the dome: Vittoria, the many lamentable human voices, crying on the sins of the world, the vanity of pleasant sins; Palestrina, an exultation and a triumph, in which the many voices of white souls go up ardently into heaven. In the afternoon we drive through a strange land, which has the desolation of ancient and dwindling things; a gray land, into which human life comes rarely, and with a certain primitive savagery. As we drive seawards, the stone walls closing in the woods dwindle into low, roughly heaped hedges of unmortared stones, over which only an occasional cluster of trees lifts itself; and the trees strain wildly in the air, writhing away from the side of the sea, where the winds from the Atlantic have blown upon them and transfixed them in an eternity of flight from an eternal flagellation. As far as one can see, as far as the blue, barren mountains which rise up against the horizon, there are these endless tracts of harsh meadow-land, marked into squares by the stone hedges, and themselves heaped with rocks and stones, lying about like some gray fungous growth. Not a sign of human life is to be seen; at long intervals we

pass a cabin, white-washed, thatched roughly, with stopped-up windows, and a half-closed door, from behind which a gray-haired old woman will gaze at you with her steady, melancholy eyes. A few peasants pass on the road, moving sombrely, without speaking ; the men, for the most part, touch their hats, without change of expression ; the women, drawing their shawls about their faces, merely look at you, with a slow, scrutinizing air, more indifferent than curious. The women walk bare-footed, and with the admirable grace and straightness of all who go with bare feet. I remember, in the curve of a rocky field, some little way in from the road, seeing a young woman, wearing a blue bodice, a red petticoat, and a gray shawl, carrying a tin pail on her head, with that straight, flexible movement of the body, that slow and formal grace, of Eastern women who have carried pitchers from the well. Occasionally a fierce old man on a horse, wearing the old costume, that odd, precise, kind of dress-coat, passes you with a surly scowl ; or a company of tinkers (the Irish gipsies, one might call them) trail past, huddled like crouching beasts on their little, rough, open carts, driving a herd of donkeys before them. As we get nearer the village by the sea, the cabins become larger, and more frequent; and just before reaching it, we pass a ruined castle, impregnably built on a green mound, looking over the water to the quay, where the thin black masts of a few vessels rise motionless against the little white-washed houses. The road goes down a steep hill, and turns sharply, in the midst of the gray village, with its thatched and ragged roofs. The doors all stand open, the upper windows are drawn half down, and from some of them I see a dishevelled dark head, the hair and eyes of a gipsy (one could well have fancied), looking down on the road and the passers by. As the road rises again, we see the blue mountains, coming nearer to us, and the place where, one knows, is Galway Bay, lying too low for any flash of the waters. Now we are quite near the sea, and in front of the house we are to visit (you will hear all about it in M. Bourget's next *nouvelle*) a brown mass of colour comes suddenly into the dull green and gray of the fields, and one smells the seaweed lying there in the pools.

I find all this bareness, grayness, monotony, solitude, at once primitive and fantastical, curiously attractive ; giving just the same kind of relief from the fat, luxurious English landscape that these gaunt, nervous, long-chinned peasants give from the red and rolling sleepiness of the English villager. And there is a quite national vivacity and variety of mood in the skies here, in the restless atmosphere, the humorous exaggerations of the sun and rain. To-day is a typical Irish day, soft, warm, gray, with intervals of rain and fine weather ; I can see a sort of soft mist of rain, blown loosely about between the trees of the

park, the clouds an almost luminous gray, the sun shining through them ; at their darkest, scarcely darker than the Irish stone of which the castle is built. Driving, the other day, we passed a large pool among the rocks, in the midst of those meadows flowering with stones ; the sky was black with the rain that was falling upon the hills, and the afternoon sun shone against the deep blackness of the sky and the shadowed blackness of the water. I have never seen such coloured darkness as this water ; green passing into slate, slate into purple, purple into dead black. And it was all luminous, floating there in the harbour of the grass like a tideless sea. Then there is the infinite variety of the mountains, sloping in uneven lines around almost the whole horizon. They are as variable as the clouds, and, while you look at them, have changed from a purple darkness to a luminous and tender green, and then into a lifeless gray ; and seem to float towards you and drift away from you, like the clouds.

Among these solid and shifting things, in this castle which is at once so ancient a reality and so essential a dream, I feel myself to be in some danger of loosening the tightness of my hold upon external things, of foregoing many delectable pleasures, of forgetting many things that I have passionately learnt in cities. If I lived here too long I should forget that I am a Londoner and remember that I am a Cornishman. And that would so sadly embarrass my good friends of the Celtic Renaissance ! No, decidedly I have no part among those remote idealists : I must come back to London ; for I have perceived the insidious danger of idealism ever since I came into these ascetic regions.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

THE SAVOY.

EDITED BY ARTHUR SYMONS.

No. 1. JANUARY, 1896. 170 pages, 18 full-page Illustrations, and 5 Illustrations in the Text.

No. 1 contains literary contributions by G. Bernard Shaw, Frederick Wedmore, Paul Verlaine, Max Beerbohm, Ernest Dowson, Aubrey Beardsley, Havelock Ellis, W. B. Yeats, Rudolf Dircks, Mathilde Blind, Joseph Pennell, Humphrey James, Selwyn Image, and the Editor. The illustrations include work by Charles H. Shannon, Charles Conder, Joseph Pennell, Louis Oury, W. Rothenstein, F. Sandys, J. McNeill Whistler, Max Beerbohm, Jacques E. Blanche, J. Lemmen, and Eleven Drawings by Aubrey Beardsley.

Crown 4to, bound in pictorial cover, 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

No. 2. APRIL, 1896. 202 pages, and 20 full-page Illustrations.

No. 2 includes a story entitled "A Mere Man" (by a new writer) and literary contributions by Cesare Lombroso ("A Mad Saint"), Paul Verlaine ("My Visit to London"), Edmund Gosse, W. B. Yeats, Havelock Ellis ("Friedrich Nietzsche"), Frederick Wedmore, Selwyn Image, Ernest Dowson, John Gray, Vincent O'Sullivan, Leila Macdonald, Aubrey Beardsley, and the Editor. The illustrations include work by Joseph Pennell, C. H. Shannon, W. T. Horton, W. Rothenstein, Ph. Caresme, Albert Sterner, W. Sickert, J. Lemmen, Max Beerbohm, and Aubrey Beardsley. Printed at the Chiswick Press.

Crown 4to, bound in new pictorial cover, 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

No. 3. JULY, 1896. 103 pages, and 9 full-page Illustrations.

No. 3 contains a story, "Anthony Garstin's Courtship," by Hubert Crackanthorpe, the first of three articles on "William Blake and his Illustrations to the Divine Comedy," by W. B. Yeats, with important unpublished drawings by Blake, the second of three articles on Friedrich Nietzsche by Havelock Ellis, and literary contributions by George Moore, Edward Carpenter, Ernest Dowson, R. Mathieu-Wierzbinski, Edgar Prestage, Aubrey Beardsley, and the Editor. The illustrations include work by William Blake, C. H. Shannon, Max Beerbohm, and Aubrey Beardsley.

Crown 4to, bound in new pictorial wrapper, 2*s.*

No. 4. AUGUST, 1896. 94 pages, 9 full-page Illustrations, and 2 Illustrations in the Text.

No. 4 contains the first part of a phantasy, "Beauty's Hour," by Mrs. Shakespear, the second article on William Blake (with 4 Illustrations) by W. B. Yeats, the third article on Nietzsche, by Havelock Ellis, and literary contributions by Emile Verhaeren (translated by Osman Edwards), Ernest Dowson, George Morley, Ford Maddox Hueffer, Lionel Johnson, Rudolf Dircks, and the Editor. The Illustrations include work by Blake, Joseph Pennell, T. R. Way, Charles Conder, W. T. Horton, and Aubrey Beardsley.

Crown 4to, bound in new pictorial wrapper, 2*s.*

No. 5. SEPTEMBER, 1896. 92 pages, and 8 full-page Illustrations.

No. 5 contains the conclusion of the phantasy, "Beauty's Hour," by Mrs. Shakespear, the third and concluding article on William Blake (with 3 Illustrations) by W. B. Yeats, and literary contributions by Theodore Wratislaw, Ernest Rhys, Sarojini Chattopâdhyây, Ernest Dowson, Gabriel Gillett, Jean Moréas, Bliss Carman, and the Editor. The illustrations include work by Blake, Botticelli, Womrath, Mrs. Dearmer, and Aubrey Beardsley.

Crown 4to, bound in new pictorial wrapper, 2*s.*

Nocturnes and Pastorals. Poems by A. Bernard Miall.

Four Hundred copies on Large Post 8vo deckle-edged paper, bound in dark green cloth, at Five Shillings net per copy. Printed at the Chiswick Press.

"The clearness and daintiness of many of his verse pictures remind one of the silver-point in a kindred art. . . . One of the prettiest and sincerest books of verse that have come from the press for some time."—*Glasgow Herald.*

"A series of impressive sonnets. . . . brings to a conclusion a volume that shows throughout a studiously cultivated gift."—*Scotsman.*

"A book which vibrates from cover to cover with poetry which has been genuinely felt and spontaneously uttered."—Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, in *The Star.*

London Nights. Poems by Arthur Symons.

Five Hundred Small Paper copies on Large Post 8vo deckle-edged paper, bound in dark green cloth, at Six Shillings net per copy; and 50 Large Paper copies on Royal 8vo hand-made paper, bound in dark green buckram, at One Guinea net per copy. Printed at the Chiswick Press. [*Small Paper edition entirely out of print: only a few copies of the Large Paper edition remain.*]

Silhouettes. By Arthur Symons.

Second edition. Carefully revised and enlarged by the addition of Nineteen New Poems. Uniform in style with "London Nights." 400 Small Paper copies at Five Shillings net per copy; and 15 Large Paper copies at One Guinea net per copy. Printed at the Chiswick Press. [*Small Paper edition entirely out of print: only a few copies of the Large Paper edition remain.*]

"To many Mr. Symons may appear a mystic and a dreamer, to us he is a modern minstrel, a troubadour of the times, with a subtly sweet note of song, which has a cadence and a lilt that linger in the memory like the flash of a fountain in the Temple on the one hand, or the distant murmur of a mountain stream on the other."—*The Newsagent.*

The Rape of the Lock. By Alexander Pope. Illustrated by Aubrey Beardsley.

Édition de Luxe of the above famous Poem, printed at the Chiswick Press, in Crown 4to size, on old style paper, illustrated with nine elaborate drawings by Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, and bound in a specially designed cloth cover. Limited edition, price Ten Shillings and Sixpence net per copy. Twenty-five copies on Japanese Vellum, at Two Guineas net per copy. [*Large Paper edition out of print.*]

Orchids. Poems by Theodore Wratislaw.

Two Hundred and Fifty Small Paper copies on Foolscap 8vo deckle-edged paper, bound in cream-coloured art linen, at Five Shillings net per copy; and 10 copies printed on Japanese Vellum, at One Guinea net per copy. Printed at the Chiswick Press.

Caprices. Poems by Theodore Wratislaw.

One Hundred copies on Foolscap 8vo hand-made paper, bound in parchment, at Five Shillings net per copy; and 20 copies on Japanese Vellum, in similar binding, at One Guinea net per copy.

Verses. By Ernest Dowson.

Three Hundred Small Paper copies on hand-made paper, Imperial 16mo, bound in Japanese Vellum, with cover design by Aubrey Beardsley, at Six Shillings net per copy; and 30 Large Paper copies printed on Japanese Vellum, at One Guinea net per copy. Printed at the Chiswick Press.

"Mr. Dowson has a genuine talent. Indeed he has several talents. A classic propriety of epithet, rising at moments to remarkable distinction; a full, rich melody, and . . . . an occasional dignity and thought of feeling."—*The Daily Courier.*

THE ONLY RELIABLE WORK ON THE SUBJECT IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

The Life and Times of Madame Du Barry.

By Robert B. Douglas.

A limited edition in one volume, with a portrait of Madame Du Barry finely engraved upon wood, 394 pages, Demy 8vo, bound in blue cloth with armorial cover design by Aubrey Beardsley, at Sixteen Shillings net per copy.

"Mr. Douglas has produced a volume every line of which I read with keen interest. It is a singularly vivid and life-like picture of what life in the old French Court was like; and the portrait of the central figure of the book is very clear and very telling."—Mr. T. P. O'Connor in the *Weekly Sun.*

"At a time when the book-market is flooded with translations of forgotten and apocryphal French Memoirs, it is something to meet with a newly-published biography of a French celebrity which is what it pretends to be . . . . and is a book of fascinating interest."—*Daily News.*

The Fool and his Heart; being the plainly told Story of Basil Thimm. A Novel by F. Norreys Connell, Author of "In the Green Park," "The House of the Strange Woman," etc.

In one volume, Crown 8vo, bound in art linen, price Six Shillings.

"One of the wittiest, one of the queerest, ... and one of the most amusing novels. Father Greenwood is a noble study of the religious character."—*Morning.*

"Basil Thimm's adventures are narrated in a way which is often exceedingly vivid and interesting."—*Glasgow Herald.*

"Mr. Connell has already shown a singular liking for the seamy side of life, and unusual power in dealing with it. 'The Fool and his Heart' has all the merits of his earlier work. There is the same vigorous and trenchant style, the same grim humour, and the same grasp of a few not very pleasing types of human nature. . . . A feature of the story is the use that Mr. Connell makes of Catholicism. . . . Full of incident and graphic touches. It should add to Mr. Connell's reputation."—*Scotsman.*

IN THE PRESS: READY IN OCTOBER NEXT.

AMORIS VICTIMA. A Poem by Arthur Symons. 400 Small Paper copies and 25 Large Paper copies.

THE PIERROT OF THE MINUTE. A Dramatic Phantasy by Ernest Dowson.

LA FILLE AUX YEUX D'OR. Translated from the French of Honoré de Balzac by Ernest Dowson, and illustrated with Six Designs by Charles Conder, finely engraved upon wood.

CARICATURES OF TWENTY-FIVE GENTLEMEN. By Max Beerbohm. Finely engraved upon wood.

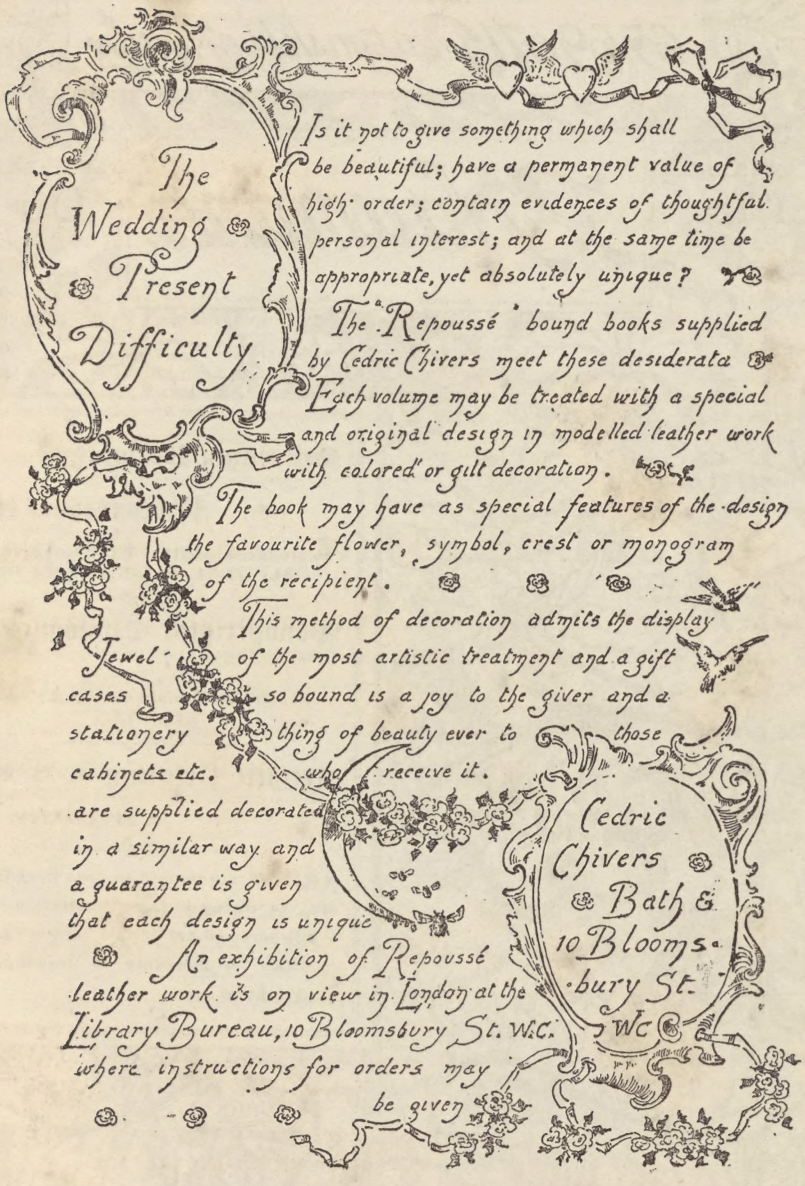
THE SOUVENIRS OF LEONARD, COIFFEUR TO QUEEN MARIE ANTOINETTE. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos.

A BOOK OF BARGAINS. Stories by Vincent O'Sullivan.

SELF-SEEKERS. A Novel by Andre Raffalovich.

Circulars of any of the above Books will be sent on application to

LEONARD SMITHERS, 4 and 5, Royal Arcade, Old Bond Steeet, London, W.


The Wedding Present Difficulty
Is it not to give something which shall be beautiful; have a permanent value of high order; contain evidences of thoughtful personal interest; and at the same time be appropriate, yet absolutely unique?
The "Repoussé" bound books supplied by Cedric Chivers meet these desiderata
Each volume may be treated with a special and original design in modelled leather work with colored or gilt decoration.
The book may have as special features of the design the favourite flower, symbol, crest or monogram of the recipient.
This method of decoration admits the display of the most artistic treatment and a gift so bound is a joy to the giver and a thing of beauty ever to those who receive it.
Jewel cases stationery cabinets etc. are supplied decorated in a similar way and a guarantee is given that each design is unique
An exhibition of Repoussé leather work is on view in London at the Library Bureau, 10 Bloomsbury St. W.C. where instructions for orders may be given
Cedric Chivers Bath & 10 Bloomsbury St. WC

65, 69 & 71 Pentonville Road, N.
P. Naumann.
Paintings, Drawings,
Photographs, etc.,
Reproduced by either Wood Engraving, HALF-TONE, or LINE PROCESS.
Manuscripts, Catalogues,
ETC., ETC.,
Illustrated throughout by the best ARTISTS.
Artistic Printing
A SPECIALITY.
ARTISTS are invited to send Drawings, etc., as, owing to large connection with Publishers and Art Editors, we have great facilities for disposing of Drawings or Copyright of same.
Designer, Engraver on Wood & Photozincographer, &c.

Ne Iuppiter quidem omnibus placet.